

The Listener

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Reviews by

G. M. Carstairs	Peter Fleming	K. W. Gransden	Malcolm D. Kennedy
Robert Melville	Bruce Miller	Carola Oman	William Plomer
Sir Herbert Read	A. L. Rowse	Rt. Hon. Emanuel Shinwell	Lord Strang Roy Walker



October

In these days of defined standards and precision manufacture, it is pleasant to contemplate the golf ball. This useful article in the days of its youth was constructed of leather and 'stuffed with as many featheris as will fill a hat'. Whose hat—and whose feathers—was not stated and the ruling, in consequence, would seem to leave a certain scope for individuality. But the game was becoming organised. The middle of the 18th century saw the beginnings of that great institution, the Golf Club, of which there are now in Great Britain upwards of 2,000. Two thousand Golf Clubs—and two thousand Honorary Secretaries chasing x thousand subscriptions! You can save yours the trouble by using the Midland Bank Standing Orders service, which will pay all such items for you automatically on their due dates.

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The Listener

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The New French Constitution—and Others

DENIS BROGAN on principles and purposes

IN 1789 the present Constitution of the United States went into operation. In the same year, and almost at the same time, the old feudal organization of the French States General, recalled from long oblivion, turned itself into the National Assembly and set about giving France a Constitution. Since then France has had at least eleven Constitutions (some would argue, more) and the French have been asked to ratify yet another, while their brother Republicans in the United States make do with what they began to use in 1789. The American Constitution has been amended, but it is substantially what it was then. The new French Constitution now offered differs, on the other hand, very substantially indeed from the organizations set up in 1791 and in 1946.

It seems to follow, then, that a constitution—the setting out in writing of the organization, powers, and purpose of the governmental system of a country—can have different consequences; can give a permanent bias to that organization, or may simply, for a brief time, impose one way of doing public business on a people but without settling for good the fundamentals of organized society. A constitution may purport to give, and may give, once and for all, an answer to the question of how political power is to be organized; or it may be merely a programme of a group or party or set of groups and parties given the pompous name of 'constitution' but not effectively claiming reverence from the people or inspiring hopes of long duration. Then, it is natural to think that as a constitution came easily, it may be got rid of easily, that when a crisis slows up its working, or its defects become agonizingly evident, the thing to do is to start afresh, to renew the attempt to give a regular form to political institutions, not to be content to 'make do and mend'. That has been the French habit: again and again the appeal has been made to the sovereign

people to accept a new plan of government, to agree to steer by a new chart. So it was in 1791; so it is in 1958.

It is a British prejudice that makes us prefer stability to repeated overturns of the existing order of things and that makes us sceptical of the hopes bred by attempts every few years to find, this time, the constitution that will fit. In Britain we have all learned at school of the merits of 'freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent' and the extremely different experience of our neighbours across the Channel has been the cause of a good deal of complacent comment. But I would like to suggest that this simple complacency is not the most helpful way to consider the problem, in general and in its French setting, for English experience has been nearly unique. Luck as well as virtue has saved England from invasion, from civil war (for over 300 years), from savage differences of political and social opinion.

If France could have escaped the first revolution she might have been happier and might have escaped the need for constant changing of her formal political organization. She did not, nor did most of her neighbours. The question is better put and answered if we take the case of nations which have to have a written constitution simply because, at some time or other, they have had to make a political fresh start. We can then ask the question: should anomalies, visibly superfluous pieces of machinery, obviously built-in abuses, be tolerated if the only way to get rid of them is to take the whole structure to pieces? Should the virtues of continuity take precedence over the claims of consistency? Should the cost of constitutional change be estimated so high that the remaking of the state should be avoided to the last possible minute of endurance?

The answer to these questions is more easily given in terms of American than of British experience. For the Americans are

working a constitution that, because of its age and decidedly rigid character, is in many ways ill-adjusted to the modern world. It would have been a miracle if the founding fathers, over 170 years ago, had foreseen all of the problems of the age of the hydrogen bomb, of giant industry, of a world dangerously united by modern technology. They did not do so and it would be easy to point out in the American Constitution pieces of machinery that either do not work at all or work badly—like the formal method of electing the President—simply because the United States has changed profoundly while the Constitution of the United States has not. With us, the political machinery is much simpler, the power to make adjustments is ample, and if we do not adjust our ways of national life to the jet age, our political institutions are not an adequate excuse for our failure. (A corollary is that we have not put any barriers of a legal kind in the way of our doing foolish things.)

Altering the 'Sacred Text'

The Americans have deliberately made the amending of their Constitution difficult and it has been historically rare to amend it. They have been ingenious in finding ways round difficulties imposed by the sacred text; and Congress and the Supreme Court have undertaken to legislate for problems (such as the control of television) that cannot have conceivably been in the minds of the makers of the Constitution or of the 'people of the United States' that adopted it. And the Constitution, by its mere duration, has proved that it is a success, despite the one great failure of the Civil War and many many instances of things done badly or not done at all because of defects in constitutional machinery. What is the gain that is worth the price? It is the creation of legitimacy, that is of the automatic acceptance by the overwhelming mass of the people of the authority of the state as being right. It may not always be obeyed but it should be. There is no rival source of power in existence.

This acceptance of legitimacy saves a great deal of time and bother, reduces the temper of controversy and, often enough, makes possible the rapid adoption of social reforms and necessary adjustments, simply because these important but not necessarily soul-stirring projects can be discussed and adopted, rejected or amended, without calling into question the very form of the state. I do not wish to imply that there were no such adaptations in France or that all discussion was conducted in terms of the nature of the French state. But too much of it was: and such discussion was not only time-wasting; it accentuated the separation into 'we' and 'they' that exists in all democratic states; not only the separation into parties, but into governors and governed. The government, the state whose authority is not taken for granted and which may be replaced by another form of government at short notice, cannot claim, or at any rate does not get, the convenient acceptance of its inevitability and permanence that, in different ways, is given to the governments of Great Britain and the United States. Habit is most of life and if political habit is interfered with by periodical crises in which new habits have to be learned, time is lost while new habits are learned.

To reflections like these, the Frenchman (or the German) may well reply with impatience: 'Nice work if you can get it'. If a country has known invasion and revolution, the destruction of all normal political expectation, the degradation by discredited rulers of the very idea of political authority, there may be no answer to the problem of getting political society working other than the risky, expensive, and difficult job of creating a new political structure from scratch—to reduce the process of constitution-making to its lowest terms. Not quite from scratch: no revolution, not the great French Revolution, not the Russian, not the Chinese, escapes from the conditioning of the past of the country which is undergoing the most profound changes. One of the dangers of constitution-making is precisely that it may be conditioned by temporary needs, resentments, illusions.

I think I could point out, in the new French Constitution, provisions, such as the exclusion of ministers from the Assembly, that represent a probably temporary reaction against some of the real or alleged abuses of the Fourth Republic. I suspect that these provisions will cease to be accepted as popular and necessary when the French temper alters, when the memory of past failures is wiped out by the irritations bred by new ones. But 'historical

continuity is not a duty; it is only a necessity' and no constitution can escape the temper of the times in which it was made and the influence of the possibly temporary needs and grievances that led to the framing of the constitution. We have to take it for granted that a constitution drafted in 1958 will be marked by the temper of 1958, by what were thought to be the needs of 1958. The American Constitution was most certainly marked by the real and assumed needs of 1787, when it was drafted; and by the accidents of 1789, when it went into effect.

But—and it is an important but—a constitution will work and will be more likely to survive if it is not merely a work of casual circumstance but deals with the long-term hopes and fears and possibilities of the nation. It cannot be perfectly tailored for the future, but the less it is exactly tailored for the present, the better. One way to do this is to lay down unexceptionable general principles to guide the future rulers of the country, to give them a general instruction on the 'spirit of the laws'. It is usual in England to sneer at these declarations, to point out, for example, that civil liberties are at least as well guarded in practice in England as in countries that lay down solemn professions of fundamental rights. Maybe they are in England, but it does not follow that such declarations play no useful part in the political lives of other countries. They play a big part in the life of the United States. Canada, for example, is seriously thinking of adopting such a declaration of fundamental principles.

When, in the course of human events, a nation undertakes the difficult task of giving itself a new form of government, it is not necessarily harmful to set out the moral and political biases which those institutions are supposed to embody. Many things get lost or are in danger of being lost in the big house-cleaning that the making of a new constitution is. What we call the principles of liberty are among the things that may be lost in a sudden decision to start over again with new constitutional furniture. In a situation in which there is far more agreement on what should be the spirit of the laws than on the mechanics of political arrangement, a governmental system that proclaims the principles behind the laws may win for the new arrangements some of the emotional support, or even mere cessation of sceptical hostility, which the new constitution will badly need. There is general wisdom in Talleyrand's diplomatic dictum that, if a thing goes without saying, it goes still better for being said.

Usefully Vague

These declarations must be vague, capable of extension as new needs develop. So American experience suggests. But it may be thought that it is not only the declarations of general principles that should be general and vague. The text of the constitution should not be too detailed, too clear, too final. It can usefully be vague, and even dangerously obscure; less safely can it be ambiguous. For there is no such thing as a pure government of laws and not of men, and the institutions created by one set of men will, if they endure, have to be worked by another. The successors of the 'founding fathers' must be given the chance to make adjustments inside the structure without impiously defying the constitution or being driven, by the pressure of necessity, yet again to set about giving their country new fundamental institutions. Not everything can be foreseen and the dangers that are guarded against may not be the dangers that the structure will have to withstand. Perhaps only one thing *can* be foreseen: that a new constitution will soon develop new and unanticipated ways of working. If it does not, it will seize up and come to a standstill.

A constitution is, or should be, a way of life, not a kind of pledge taken against past excesses and a naïve resolution to do better. Perfection, symmetry, total clarity are the temptations and enemies of the constitution-maker. And this at any rate can be said of the new French Constitution, that they are temptations that have been resisted. Whether other dangerous temptations, such as legislating for a temporary situation under the guise of legislating for a long period of national life, have been equally well resisted is another question. It probably will prove less popular to restrain the Assembly when it is learned, from experience, that many problems are difficult of solution not because of constitutional errors but because of the nature of things.

—Home Service

Austria since the Occupation

By GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD

THREE summers ago, the occupation armies marched out of Austria, and a decade of four-power military rule came to an end. On the international plane, the Austrian State Treaty which made that evacuation possible turned out to be just another calculated Soviet manoeuvre—the carefully rehearsed overture to the Kremlin's 1955 opera of 'coexistence'.

But, though the opera itself did not get much beyond the first act at Geneva, the overture has remained as composed. To this day, the East-West agreement over Austria is the only part of the original coexistence score which has neither been torn up nor revised. So, despite revolutions along its borders and undiminished world tension all round, the Second Austrian Republic has been able to go ahead, steadily and peacefully, with the task of putting its affairs in order at home and establishing its place in the society of nations abroad. What progress has it made?

In 1955, the Austrians found themselves endowed with four things with which they were equally unfamiliar. These were: political stability; economic prosperity; military neutrality; and a new sense of their own identity as a separate nation and people. By taking these four topics in turn, we can survey the road which free Austria has travelled over the last three years and perhaps mark out some of the pitfalls and barriers ahead.

Paradoxically enough, the stability of the Second Austrian Republic is the direct result of the instability of the First. The pre-war Austrian State, which lasted from the dissolution of the Habsburg empire in 1918 to the Anschluss with Hitler's Germany in 1938, was torn asunder throughout its brief life by the struggle between the Catholic right wing and the Marxist left. In this sad epoch there was not one Austria but two. Part of the nation hankered nostalgically after

an empire that had forever vanished. The other half looked forward just as pointlessly to a socialist millennium that never came. Neither camp stood with both feet in the Austrian Republic, and neither side thought of themselves, first and foremost, as citizens of that Republic. The result was that pre-war Austria spent some



The Musik Verein, one of Vienna's two great concert halls

nineteen years and twelve weeks of its time in latent hostilities, and the remaining few days in actual civil war.

The men now ruling Austria all lived as adults through this dreary and disastrous chronicle of domestic strife. It is their memories of the First Republic which have dominated the politics of the Second. The outcome has been the Austrian Coalition Government, a freak of European politics which has already lasted thirteen years and which, if some people have their way, will continue through all eternity. It would be wrong to identify those leaders of the Austrian left and right who struck the first joint-rule pact in 1945 with their pre-war political counterparts. The Austrian Socialist Party had become both less Marxist and less international in outlook. The right-wing People's Party, which was the chief group in the coalition, laid increasing stress on its secular approach, despite the fact that its basic voting support was still among the Catholic peasantry.

But, though their fanaticism had become damped, both sides behaved after the war like men who were uncomfortably aware that there were insanity and homicidal tendencies somewhere in the family. Both were, in fact, sufficiently frightened of their ancestry to scrap normal party rule altogether and share parliamentary and ministerial responsibility. This has been the picture ever since, with a tiny Communist Party and a rather muddled pan-German faction gyrating noisily outside the Coalition of the two principal groups.

This form of government has given



Obergurgl, a village in the Austrian Tyrol

Austrian State Tourist Department

Austria a stability which many régimes, whether communist or democratic, might envy. But, for all that, the system has been under heavy fire of late, and it must be admitted that the warnings of some of the objective critics deserve the closest study. For, apart from the obvious by-passing of parliament's power, the main danger of a perpetual coalition system on the Austrian pattern is precisely that which characterizes communist politics. Blind loyalty to a party tends to come before loyalty to the nation as a whole.

In the Austria of today, the main reasons for this tendency are material rather than ideological. For it is not only the cabinet posts which are distributed in proportion to the results achieved by each of the main parties at the polls. The same division of jobs among party nominees is extended throughout the whole framework of public life, which in Austria includes not only the civil service but also the majority of posts in the fields of medicine, journalism, culture and art, as well as all the posts in that large section of industry which is either nationalized or under the control of one of the state banks. Throughout this enormous range of appointments, the nomination of the sponsoring party is decisive—whether in a ministry, on a nationalized board of directors, or on the doctors' panel of a municipal clinic.

The Re-creation of Two Austrias

Thus, for all its efforts at fusion, the coalition has in a sense re-created the two Austrias of the pre-war days. True, the division now is less vicious and less explosive. The two large camps of party followers form up and are separated from each other by motives of self-interest rather than by doctrinal hatreds. But a division of sorts it remains: and if the coalition system in Austria is going to fuse the nation as well as simply the government, it will have to open careers freely to talents and close them to party-books.

The material prosperity which Austria now enjoys is sometimes misleadingly referred to as 'the Austrian miracle'. I say 'misleadingly' because there is in fact nothing either miraculous or even very surprising about this development. With its enormous natural resources of hydro-electric power, oil, timber, iron ore, magnesite and so on; its agricultural basis of plenty; and its lucrative tourist trade, Austria has always had an economic foundation which is stronger and more varied even than that of its flourishing neighbour Switzerland. All that was needed to build upon that foundation was investment capital and political peace. The German war industry, followed by the American post-war Marshall Aid, provided the first. The coalition government, for all its failings, has provided the second.

But even bearing in mind all these facts, the sustained economic boom which Austria has been enjoying for several years is still an impressive thing. The latest figures show that her currency is now covered to no less than 87 per cent. by gold and foreign exchange reserves. The country is now over 85 per cent. self-sufficient in food production, while its overall industrial output is more than twice the pre-war level. This summer, Austrian employment figures climbed up to a new all-time record, at a time when several other Western countries had begun to worry about 'recession tendencies'.

As elsewhere in the West, the symbol of this post-war prosperity is the motor-car. From being a country where a car was considered a luxury, Austria has, in the past five years alone, become a land where a vehicle of some sort is looked on almost as a necessity of everyday life. This motorization wave is not something on which the rich alone can surf-ride. It has caught up all income groups from the better-paid worker to the managing director himself. Vienna now has one vehicle for every eight inhabitants, and, in the capital alone, a hundred new private cars are being registered every day.

This is the real index of the so-called 'Austrian miracle'. It is not a sudden transformation brought about by some beneficent outside agency, but a steady and progressive expansion of the national income and standard of living. And it is based not on magic but on the hard facts of the country's resources and on the political good fortune of being able to go about one's business in freedom and in peace, outside the main cross-currents of the East-West conflict.

That brings us to the third unfamiliar element which the Second Austrian Republic inherited—the military neutrality with which, at Russian insistence, its liberty had to be bought three years ago. Whatever material benefits this neutrality may bring to Austria, it is idle to claim, as Austrian leaders sometimes do, that such neutrality is naturally rooted either in the mentality of the Austrian people or in the background to their history. Unlike the Swiss, with whom Russia is fond of making false comparisons, the Austrians have fought with all their might in almost every large conflict of European history. This record of partisanship continued until the last stages of the post-war occupation itself. Until Austria was forced, in her own interests, to respond to Soviet overtures about neutrality, she stood proudly in the Western camp and was strategically an unofficial member of Nato. Inevitably, all this influences her behaviour as a neutral today. Her basic political affinities still lie rooted in the West—a fact which she documented in 1956 when, after some misgivings and heart-searchings, she finally joined the Council of Europe. As a Catholic people whose culture breathes the rich and free traditions of the Western world, the Austrians' personal sympathies lie in the same direction. This too they documented by their courageous and generous behaviour during the Hungarian revolution.

The question which has thus been tormenting Austria's leaders ever since 1955 is whether military neutrality must necessarily involve political neutrality. Is it enough for Austria simply to abide by her promise to Moscow not to allow foreign troops or bases on her soil and not to join any military blocs; or must she in addition conduct her own foreign policy in precisely the same non-committal way? The favourite formula of her official spokesmen—'our neutrality is military but not ideological'—only underlines this unanswered question by deliberately dodging it. As it has turned out, Austria's voting record to date within the United Nations suggests that her foreign policy remains orientated towards the West, at least whenever fundamental issues of human freedom are involved. But there still seem to be some Austrian politicians who have not learnt that, in the present world conflict, ideology and politics have merged, and no country can therefore be politically neutral once it has declared itself an ideological partisan.

This tendency to slur over uncomfortably sharp edges and avoid the challenge of a clear-cut decision is traditionally Austrian. Their greatest poet, Grillparzer, writing of their greatest political symbol, the Habsburg dynasty, called it 'the curse of half-heartedness'. Part, at least, of this hesitancy comes from the Austrian's own search for a distinctive personality of his own. Here we come to the fourth new component in the Austria of today, her far from developed sense of state-patriotism.

Germany's Hypnotic Influence

Of all the peoples of Western Europe, the Austrians are the only ones who could profitably do with a little more nationalist pride rather than a little less. The reason for this odd state of affairs is the centuries-old hypnotic influence of Germany. Until 1938, Austrians of all classes were deeply divided as to whether they were a distinctive nation with their own role to play on the European scene or merely second cousins of the Germans who would be better off if their destiny were merged with that of their northern neighbour. Austrian history and the Austrian character argued one way; the common language and culture argued the other. Today, the majority of Austrians have, I think, won an abiding psychological independence from Germany. But their nationalism is still so raw that it remains unduly exposed and unduly sensitive to all things German. This is illustrated by a furious argument now waging in the Tyrol as to whether hotel menus in the big tourist centres should be printed in D-Mark prices for the benefit of the German visitors. The German has ceased to be a member of the family. But he is still not quite a foreigner.

To sum up, the thirteen-year-old Second Republic of Austria is a healthy little fellow who combines a sound constitution with an ancient lineage. His main problem is keeping out of the big boys' quarrels around him, despite the fact that he likes one side far better than the other. His main personal drawback is that, owing to a confused upbringing, he still has not quite learned to say his own name.—*European Services*

The King George VI Memorial

By the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. HAROLD MACMILLAN

SIX years ago it was decided to set up a National Memorial to King George VI. This has now been done. There are, of course, comparatively few who have personal memories of the King. Yet all of us, I think, remember him as a gallant and honourable man, strong in three things: his faith in God, his devotion to his country, and love of his family. It is because of these simple but supreme qualities that he was honoured in his life. It is because he held to them so steadfastly that his memory will always be held dear.

It fell to him to be King of a great country and Commonwealth in its finest hours, many of which were its darkest hours too. It was therefore appropriate that it should have been Sir Winston Churchill, the King's First Minister throughout the most tremendous period in our history, who launched the National Memorial six years ago. To Sir Winston's Appeal there was an immediate, affectionate, and, in many cases, a touching response from these islands, from all the countries of the Commonwealth and, indeed, from all over the world. And now the Fund is closed.

The first object of the Memorial Fund was to raise a statue in London. This was unveiled on Trafalgar Day three years ago by Her Majesty the Queen. It stands at the centre of London, in the Mall, as a symbol of the National Memorial as a whole.

But the main purpose was to set up a Charitable Trust: the King George VI Foundation. It was the agreed object of the Trust to provide for the needs of young people and of old people; and that again was right, for it is the young and the old who have the first claims upon the active and able-bodied. The total sum subscribed was over £1,800,000.

As you can imagine, it was not easy to select from the wide field covered by the terms of the Trust. Much consultation was necessary and has taken place with representatives of all parts of the kingdom and a wide variety of interests, as well as with the national voluntary organisations. It was felt that the grants should be made through the governing bodies of various national organisations and so avoid the need for any continuing central body. It was also decided to distribute the whole sum within a limited period.

About two-thirds—nearly £1,200,000—has been expended on schemes for the young; and nearly £600,000 on schemes for the old. The national voluntary youth organisations have a great need for leaders. So money has been spent on providing for their training, and also to allow some of them to widen their experience by working with other youth groups in the Commonwealth. This is called the King George VI Leadership Training Memorial. There are two other schemes that go with it. The National Recreation Centre Scheme has provided a new centre in each part of the kingdom for the training of sports coaches,

leaders and instructors. A centre at Capel Curig, in Wales, was opened in June 1955. Another one, at Largs, in Ayrshire, was opened by the Queen last July. One at Belfast is in the course of construction. A King George VI hall will provide up-to-date facilities for the training of coaches and instructors at the National Recreation Centre in Shropshire; and a grant has been made to the London County Council for the hostel block of the National Youth and Sports Centre at the Crystal Palace.

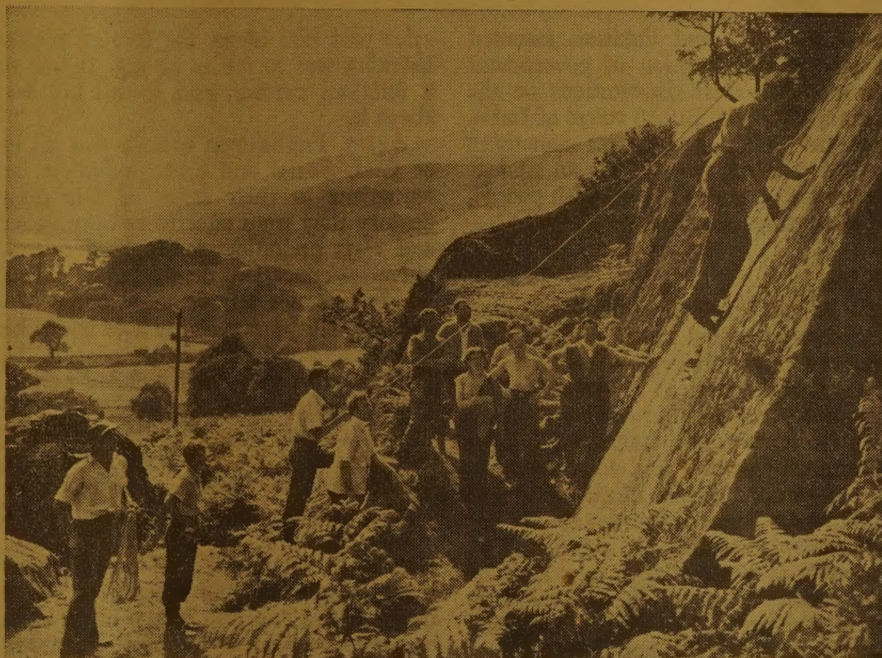
The other scheme has provided five youth hostels, again in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland; and, in addition, the Fund has made a substantial contribution to the three-year experimental stage for boys of the Duke of Edinburgh's award. This is doing fine work.

So much for the young. Now I will say a word about the schemes for the welfare of the elderly. The two most important are, first, the development of old people's clubs, together with services such as meals, chiropody, handicrafts, and many similar additions to normal club amenities. At least 425 clubs have

received grants. The second scheme has been the erection of five memorial clubs of special design, and they are models which I hope will be copied. They are at Stoke-on-Trent, Bootle, Port Talbot, Dundee and Camberwell. In all this work private local initiative and the elected local authorities have generously helped.

Then there is the King George VI Social Service Scheme. This scheme breaks new ground. It provides for the training of workers, mainly voluntary, who are to help in the care and welfare of the elderly. It is a fine scheme and I hope it will influence the standard and quality of service to many thousands of old people in all parts of the country.

Her Majesty the Queen has taken the deepest interest in the working out of all these plans and has approved them all. I hope that, as these schemes develop, their scope can be enlarged. Meanwhile, I feel sure that all those who made a contribution can feel that they have helped to set up a worthy memorial to a much-loved Sovereign. King George liked young people. All his life he was interested in their welfare. That, I think, is one reason why he was always so young in spirit himself right up to the end of his reign. So it was a happy idea to devote so much of the Memorial Fund to the benefit of the young. It will be for the benefit of the nation and the Commonwealth too. Time out of mind, the older generation has said of the younger generation that they simply don't know what the young people are coming to nowadays. All the same, succeeding younger generations in this country have not done so badly when their turn came. In the meantime, let us do all we can to widen the horizons of the young and open up opportunities for them. In



A climbing party at Plas-y-Brenin, Wales, from a centre helped by a grant made under the King George VI National Recreation Centre Scheme

a civilized country a corollary of encouragement to the young is care of and thought for the old. That is why so much of the Fund has been devoted to the welfare of old people. From all parts of the country old people have expressed their appreciation.

I think we all wanted a statue, too; and there it is, in its fine setting in the Mall, as a tangible mark and symbol of our memory of the King. But other Kings have had their statues. What sets this Memorial apart is the practical and imaginative use to which the Fund has been put, in furthering these schemes for

young and old. All this is what the King himself would have wished. It is a memorial worthy of him.

I would end by recalling some words which were very truly said of him:

He was a man who in turbulent and testing times upheld human values, who set before himself the highest ideal of service and never fell short of it, who lived his life for others and never counted the cost to himself.

No sovereign or subject could ask a nobler tribute.

—Home Service

Law and Minorities in India

By J. CHINNA DURAI

IT is eleven years now since India and Pakistan assumed sovereign status. Both inherited a tradition of government from the British: both modelled their constitutions on the pattern of British democracy. With the British rulers of India, toleration was both principle and policy; but it was something more than this. It was a kind of reflex; it was at least an ancient disposition generated by the insular security of the British people, and the ancient dignity and strength of a central government.

Internal Conflicts in Britain

This did not mean that the British people were unable or even reluctant to fight among themselves: they did plenty of that: they had had one major civil war and many minor civil conflicts. In the eighteenth century they lost the American colonies. In the early nineteenth century they had established an economy which presupposed fierce and ruthless competition in trade. But if they fought over policies, faiths, families, interests, and what you will, they never put dogma on the throne. Queen Elizabeth I was prepared to imprison and execute Catholics or Protestants not for their faith or morals but for their disobedience to the law. The Whig theory of government was to put up with any kind of opinions so long as they were private opinions: they believed, as Burke said, 'in wise and salutary neglect'. The kind of man they sent to India was automatically tolerant; he not only disliked intolerance as bad manners and disapproved of it as bad policy but simply could not begin to think of it as a possible state of mind. And tolerance of this automatic and necessary kind goes with a certain measure of blindness.

For instance, Sir Alfred Lyall in Rajputana said:

In each state is a powerful body of feudal lords who hold their lands on pure military tenure, being bound only to furnish troopers. They are always fighting with their chief and keep him in very strict order—they counterbalance the sovereign power exactly as the barons of Europe did and very effectively prevent him from becoming an arbitrary despot. But under these proud Rajput nobles the people is reduced to something like serfdom; so that with my modern Radical ideas, I feel rather out of sympathy with what is really the only free institution of India—the feudal system of Rajputana.

Here was a great Indian civil servant, shrewd, sympathetic, discerning, and a good servant of India, but also diffident and detached, attributing his hatred of serfdom to 'my modern Radical ideas' and not primarily, perhaps not at all, to the real cruelties of a social order which was after all not his own social order. He had all the equipment to judge except the native right to do so. He was, even at his best, something of an outsider, and he had no more right to interfere with Indian life than a visiting accountant with the domestic life of a college.

Britain assumed that she constituted the majority group, while in fact Indians were fantastically superior in numbers; and so the British were too shy, too timid to introduce reforms in Hindu law which badly needed reform. They were afraid of offending social and religious susceptibilities.

There are two examples that leap to the eye: marriage and 'untouchability'. To commit bigamy in England is a crime. But Englishmen found nothing repulsive in polygamy among Hindus. The administrative Englishman might listen to what the mission-

aries told him about the fate of women in 'Mother India' but listening was as far as he got. It was the custom of the country, a religious custom, and it was not his business to do anything about it.

Again, Englishmen believe that all men are equal in the sight of God. Social and class prejudices between man and man are repugnant to their sense of fair play. During the nineteenth century they were effectively busy in reducing these irregularities and class prejudices in England relentlessly: universal suffrage, universal education, death-duties, redistribution of income and so on. It was not left to the victims of social injustice to realise social equality: everybody held it as a kind of faith. Their attitude to *apartheid* and Little Rock is part of their make-up. Nevertheless, for 200 years these high-minded public servants could watch the fate of Indian untouchables, 70,000,000 of them, in misery and squalor deeper than the poorest American Negroes, with almost indifference. After all, Hindu Law claimed a divine origin. It came from the Shastras, the revelations of the gods, and was already ancient before Christianity was thought of.

For centuries, these were the laws that have governed the Hindus in all matters relating to marriage, worship, adoption, caste, inheritance, and succession; and although there were many irregularities and absurdities in them that called for amendment or total abolition, Britain left them severely alone. So also with Mohammedan minorities. They too had ancient and sacred laws derived from the Koran. Accordingly, while Britain introduced her own Common Law—civil and criminal—into India extensively in regard to matters not covered by these more ancient systems, she retained them both, almost in their integrity. Thus the famous Regulation II of 1772: in Section 27 it was enacted that 'in all suits regarding inheritance, succession, marriage and caste and other religious usages and institutions, the laws of the Koran with respect to the Mohammedans and those of the Shasters with respect to the Gentoos (Hindus) shall be invariably adhered to'.

Ending the Custom of Suttee

There was one important exception. Of the trinity of Hindu gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, Brahma the Creator takes precedence over Vishnu the Preserver and Siva the Destroyer. The custom of suttee, the burning of widows, owes its origin, it is religiously believed, to one of the wives of Brahma who sacrificed herself at his death that she might attend him in heaven. As many as seventeen widows were known to have burnt themselves on the funeral pyre of a rajah. In Bengal, 700 widows had perished in a single year. This was altogether too much. The British Government abolished suttee in 1829. It was an act of great courage. Nothing like it was ever done again. When Britain relinquished control of India in 1947, there was not one single legislative act or measure that a Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsi, Sikh, Jain, Christian, or Jew could point to and say that it was in any way offensive to his social or religious conscience.

This, I submit, is too good to be true. Men are not governed that way. Saints and angels might be, perhaps, but the 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 inhabitants of the sub-continent do not aspire to that perfection, and whatever might have been said in favour of Indian self-government, the one unanswerable argu-

ment, the one fact that made it not merely desirable but necessary, was the scrupulous courtesy of our guest rulers. This courtesy, this scrupulous avoiding of offence, is the most subtle of all the problems which beset the government of a society which is not only 'plural' but, I might almost say, 'innumerable'. Toleration is an important part of government, but it is not the same as justice.

The famous Indian Civil Service, the backbone of the India which Britain created, still functions in India and Pakistan, but with an Indian and Pakistani personnel. The preamble to the Constitution of 1950 proclaims India a Sovereign Democratic Republic whose object is to secure to all citizens:

Justice social, economic and political.

Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship.

Equality of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all

Fraternity assuring the dignity of the individual and the unity of the Nation.

Almost identical provisions in the spirit of the British way of life in regard to fundamental rights were made in the Constitution of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan which came into force on March 23, 1956. Section 27 of the Constitution Act provides for the protection of minorities and section 18 has laid down: 'Subject to law, public order and morality (a) every citizen has the right to profess, practise and propagate any religion; and (b) every religious denomination and every sect thereof has the right to establish, maintain and manage its religious institutions'. It goes on to provide in section 19 that 'any section of citizens having a distinct language, script or culture shall have the right to preserve the same'.

Looking at the constitutional provisions for both India and Pakistan in the matter of protection accorded to minorities, the thing that comes to my mind foremost is the sacrifice of merit and efficiency in public services, following the anxiety of the powers-that-be to ensure proportionate provision for inferior or mediocre candidates of the minority at the expense of more deserving candidates of the majority.

The Chief Minority Groups

The chief minority groups in the order of numerical precedence are the Muslims, Christians, and Parsis. The Congress Government's policy towards the minority groups in India is almost a replica of the British policy of pre-partition days. While new laws affecting the majority groups, namely the Hindus, are constantly brought into being by the Hindu-dominated Congress Government, there is no similar move on their part to interfere with the laws affecting the Mohammedans, Christians, or Parsis. It may be that in ancient Hindu Law there are too many anomalies which need correction, while in the statutory laws of comparatively recent origin governing Christians and Parsis there is not much room for correction.

But what of the Mohammedan law? Before I come to it, however, let me dwell on the sweeping changes that have taken place in Hindu law which the British Government would not or dare not touch.

The Congress Government confident of the backing of its numerous Hindu supporters abolished by a bold stroke of legislation the age-long stigma of untouchability. It made it even possible for an untouchable boy or girl to marry a caste Hindu by enacting in Section 5 of the Hindu Marriage Act of 1955 that 'a marriage may be solemnised between any two Hindus'. The most remarkable thing about this piece of legislation is that—if acted upon by all concerned faithfully—it can be expected to break the caste system in India completely within a measurable time and ensure for India unity on a scale undreamt of before.

Next, the Congress Government has abolished child marriages, which Britain was hesitant about as they were tied up in some measure with Hindu religion. Section 5, clause 3 of the Hindu Marriage Act of 1955 provides that a bridegroom must have completed the age of eighteen years and the bride the age of fifteen years at the time of marriage. The number of wives is now limited to one only, thereby bringing the law into conformity with the law prevailing in the civilised countries of the West. Section 5, clause 1 of Act 25 of 1955 lays down that a marriage may be solemnised between any two Hindus 'if neither party has a spouse

living at the time of the marriage'. There is clearly under this no room for bigamy or polygamy in India in future, and the one result of it apart from its 'decency' value will be to curb to some extent the growing population of India which is causing intense anxiety over the question of food.

There is again no provision for divorce in the old Hindu law and Britain 'let the sleeping dog lie' in this respect; but the Indian Government, not having the same scruples about offending her own religion, has made divorce possible among Hindus by the introduction of appropriate legislation to this effect.

The Position of Mohammedans

Now consider the position of the Mohammedan minority in India. One would have thought that the Congress Government would have appointed a commission of jurists as it did in the case of Hindu law, with a view to carrying out some reforms, as after all Mohammedan law has been in use for centuries without undergoing any change worth mentioning; but it has not so far moved in this matter. It may be that it is waiting for a lead from Pakistan. There was at one time, I believe, a commission appointed to look into the question of reforms in Mohammedan law in Pakistan but so far nothing has been done. Whatever it may be, the fact remains that the Indian Government is averse from interfering with the religious law of the Mohammedans in the same way that Britain was reluctant to act where Hindu law was concerned. While the Hindu Government, for instance, has abolished polygamy in regard to its own nationals by legislation, it has not interfered with the marriage law of the Mohammedans. This provides that a Mohammedan can marry as many as four wives at a time and keep the number at that level in the event of one or more dropping out through death or divorce!

One can appreciate the reason for Hindu reluctance to interfere, but if this is the policy of the majority towards the minority group in all matters that are regulated by an outmoded Mohammedan law, then the position of this minority community is bound to be static and their prospects of advancement as a community in the political, social, cultural, and economic fields would be limited and stunted compared with those of the majority.

Finally, what of the minority group in Pakistan, the Hindus? They are not benefited at all by the reforms carried out in Hindu law by the Government of India, as the Pakistan Government has not chosen to implement them by legislation in the Hindu law that is in vogue in Pakistan, which is still the old law in its entirety. If a move for reform comes from the Hindu minority group in Pakistan on the lines that India has already adopted, it is reasonable to suppose that the Government of Pakistan would not be slow to give it its blessing. But should it wait for such a move and not itself take the initiative? Similarly, if Pakistan should, as contemplated, carry out reforms in the existing Mohammedan law through legislation, it would be indeed a benevolent gesture on the part of India to implement them in her Constitution after obtaining the consent of her Mohammedan minority.

Towards Agreement with Pakistan

Thus, amity and concord could be brought about between India and Pakistan by this necessary reciprocity in matters of law affecting the religious susceptibilities of Hindus and Muslims; and who knows whether this might not ultimately pave the way to the bridging of other more serious differences on which both India and Pakistan seem to be somewhat awkwardly stuck, namely, the canal waters question and the problem of Kashmir? The only result of the failure of the Indian and Pakistan Governments to accord to the minorities reciprocity in this respect would be to make the minority groups destined to live with them wish for all they are worth that they were on the other side of the border instead of where fate has now planted them; and if this happens it could only be, I am afraid, at the expense of peace and stability in their respective countries now and for all time. Which God forbid.

Toleration is a necessary condition of civilized government, but it is not a sufficient condition. It is not half the story.

—Third Programme

The Listener

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Books Under Fire

PROFESSOR RAYMOND IRWIN, addressing the Annual Conference of the Library Association last week, said: 'Any good librarian would tell them that books today have never been more alive; that they will still be living and vigorous when the television set has died and the radio is silent. There is no substitute for the book and there never will be'. The 'them' to whom Professor Irwin was referring was a group of authors who had discussed the future of books in a rather mournful manner in a recent number of *The Times Literary Supplement*. The Professor's robust view is gratifying to those who value the art of reading. But different people will speak a different language. The librarian and the publisher have one approach; authors and booksellers another. Well-established publishers of educational books are said to be doing a roaring trade with schools and school libraries, and, no doubt, as the intake into schools increases in the next few years, this line of business will boom. Again, the export trade in instructional books is going nicely; in Ghana, for example, a large English-speaking population is eager to learn from books. Publishing has become institutional and the writer of a successful textbook may even be surprised by the size of his royalty cheque.

But the kind of authors whose groans reverberate to the hills are not compilers of textbooks. Nor do the batch of arts students who each year leave the universities with ambitions to be a writer think in terms of how to mend the kitchen sink or how to expound elementary physics. Thirty years ago a fledgling novelist might be able to persuade a publisher to take his first book and the publisher would lose little money; today a novel needs to sell 5,000 copies for a publisher to break even. The middle-class readers who used to buy books or pay subscriptions to libraries find that the high cost of books (brought about by steadily rising costs of paper and printing) plus the weight of taxation have reduced their means of patronage. In London one of the best-known subscription libraries has recently contracted its services and one of the best-known booksellers is reducing its operations. The London Library is facing dangerous days and has been compelled substantially to increase its subscription.

It is difficult, therefore, to escape the conclusion that serious books—literature in its widest sense—are under fire today. This is not the fault of television or sound broadcasting. In the first place, a great many viewers have never been accustomed to read anything much except the newspapers. Secondly, for nearly forty years the B.B.C. has always consistently supported literature and the arts and many of its programmes have directly stimulated reading. The recent decision to include reviews of novels in the Third Programme is another move in that same direction. THE LISTENER, as in this book number, has earned some reputation as promoting the interests of good authorship. But these are strange times: civilized values need more than lip service and easy optimism. They must be fought for, encouraged, and believed in.

What They Are Saying

The referendum in France

SUNDAY'S CONSTITUTIONAL REFERENDUM in France aroused considerable interest on the part of commentators in both East and West. From Algeria, the Monday morning edition of *L'Echo d'Alger* was quoted as saying:

The French people have signed the death certificate of the Fourth Republic. The overwhelming vote in favour throughout Algeria is a plebiscite for France, a definite reply to the F.L.N. and also to those who wanted to give up Algeria.

From Moscow, Monday morning's Russian press was quoted as saying that supporters of the new French constitution had used gangster tactics and Hitlerite ruses during the voting. A *Pravda* report cited from Paris said there was 'a smell of fascism in the air', and complained that de Gaullists, copying the 'Hitlerite occupiers of Paris', had brought out fake issues of the French communist newspaper *L'Humanité* calling for a 'Yes' vote.

Before the event, communist radios gave much publicity to Mr. Khrushchev's statement in *Pravda*, broadcast in full in the Soviet home and French services, in which he said:

The plans for establishing personal dictatorship underlying the new Constitution, the reduction to naught of the role of parliament, the fact that the military have been given commanding positions in the state, the gradual repeal of those freedoms provided by bourgeois democracy... all this brings back the memory of the events of 1933 in Germany. This is why today we have every reason to speak of the danger of fascism looming over France.

Mr. Khrushchev went on to recall the fate of Hitler, to attack leading French personalities (especially the Socialist leader, Guy Mollet), and, speaking of Dr. Adenauer's recent talks with General de Gaulle, said:

Today, twenty years after Munich, another attempt is being made to get France to be taken in tow by a German tank and be marched off to the East... People in France remember how the same tricks were used to flirt with German militarists on the eve of the second world war. But what did all that add up to? The Soviet people had to shed their blood to help deliver France from the yoke of those to whom her rulers bowed low.

French commentators expressed indignation at Mr. Khrushchev's comments on France. The Socialist *Le Populaire* was quoted as saying that Mr. Khrushchev must have confused France with the Soviet Union when he accused General de Gaulle of planning a personal dictatorship. Several French newspapers expressed the view that Mr. Khrushchev's intervention would increase support for the General in the referendum. A French broadcast commented:

What would Mr. Khrushchev have said if the President of the Council of the French Republic had taken it into his head to make an x-ray analysis of the U.S.S.R.? If he had stigmatized his police machine, demanded the liberation of the twenty-seven million human beings reduced to the status of slaves in forced labour camps, and called for the restoration of democratic liberties in the immense Soviet empire? Would nothing have been heard in Moscow if, perchance, a French statesman, in an interview or public speech, had dared to indicate that the Constitution of the Soviet Union invests the head of the Soviet government with full powers? Mr. Khrushchev... misjudges France pretty badly.

From West Germany, *Die Welt* was quoted as staying:

Khrushchev draws a parallel between the recent meeting between General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer, and that between Hitler and Mussolini in 1934, and speaks of a new fascist axis. Should we remind the Soviet Prime Minister of the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939?

Meanwhile, Moscow broadcasts expressed indignation at the return of Mr. Khrushchev's letter to President Eisenhower, warning that if the United States did not withdraw its forces from the Formosa area, China would have 'to chase' them away, and if a nuclear attack was made on China, 'the aggressor would be at once rebuffed by the same means'. On the U.S.-Chinese Ambassadorial talks in Warsaw, Moscow radio stated:

The United States intends to use these talks as a smoke-screen for the aggressive operations of the Seventh Fleet.

Did You Hear That?

A CENTRE OF POLISH CULTURE

'CRACOW, since October 1956, has become once more one of the great cultural and intellectual centres of Europe', said COLIN JACKSON in 'The Eye-witness'. 'I went to Cracow in August, and I met there many students of the famous Jagiellonian University, the oldest university, after Prague, in central Europe. It was founded in 1364. George, I remember in particular. He was a young arts student, and he made himself my guide—first of all for the fun of it, and next perhaps to have the pleasure of sharing ideas with someone from the West. He read to me, in perfect English, some poetry he had written. It was about the spirit of Cracow that could never be defeated.'

'In the shops of Cracow next day I saw something of the city's art. Cracow has always been a centre—the people of Cracow will say *the* centre—of Polish culture. Today the windows are full of paintings. Some were paintings by Polish artists, which in a strange but special way seemed to be unique. For in strong colours, in scenes of countryside and town in a picture of modern Poland, they had a spirit and individuality distinct from the rigid functionalism of Soviet art.'

'Yet for all this modern flowering of art and literature, the Cracow reborn remains essentially the Cracow of old. To begin with, there are the legends that the young of Cracow enjoy freely with the old. George showed me the dragon's cave. It is under the hill where stands the giant fortress castle of Cracow. The dragon was fond of devouring the innocent citizens, and all Cracow was terrified. But one day the local hero, Krak, filled a sheep with gunpowder and placed it outside the dragon's cave. Out came the dragon, swallowed the sheep, and promptly blew up. Still today in Cracow fables about the dragon are a favourite theme. Then there is another popular legend. Master Twardowski escaping from the devil flew on a cock high up in the sky to stay forever on the moon, and you see this cockerel everywhere now in Cracow, in city signs, in toys, and in paintings.'

'Cracow today keeps faith with the Cracow of old through a new and passionate dedication to Polish freedom. The focus of this spirit is the castle, the cathedral, and the palace on the hill that dominates the city. I went to the cathedral. In the vaults were buried the great rulers of the ancient kingdom of Poland. There also were poets and famous churchmen. While Stalin dominated Eastern Europe, these catacombs of Polish history were closed, but the day I went there they were open and free to everyone. The flowers and the look of quiet joy on the people's faces told a story that all of Poland knows today, even if, with caution, they do not shout it about abroad.'

OLD WARSAW REBORN

'Warsaw, so it seems to me', said SYDNEY CARTER in 'Today', 'is a gesture of defiance. The old Warsaw was deliberately blown to bits by the nazis to teach the Poles a lesson. So the Poles, just as deliberately, decided to put the whole thing back again. It

might have been cheaper to move the capital to somewhere else; but the Poles are a romantic and obstinate race. Twice their country has been wiped off the map of Europe; twice they have put it back again.

'How romantic, how obstinate the Poles can be you see in the oldest part of Warsaw, which they are now rebuilding, stone by stone, from old maps and paintings and what somebody remembered. So here is a brand-new medieval city—well, more baroque, perhaps, than medieval—with the old signs swinging up above the shops: a snake outside a chemist's shop, a mermaid with a looking-glass outside a beauty parlour.

'Theatrical? Well, why not? Nailing a flag to a masthead is theatrical; and that, I think, is what the Poles are doing. They need to reaffirm their past, their Polishness, in face of all the

winds that blow from East and West. You can see the new Old City as a banner made of brick and stone; the material is new but the pattern on which it is built is an old one. Whichever way you look at it, you have to admit that the Old City is good theatre. It has all the decorative doorways, lamps sticking out from walls, and so on that a tourist loves to see. The iron-work is magnificent. Even the grilles over shop windows, to keep out burglars, are works of art; and the painted signs pointing to the lavatories have a certain style. They use symbols and not words: a double "O" to indicate the place itself, with a circle for



The barbican in the rebuilt Old City of Warsaw

ladies and a triangle for gentlemen.

'Not all Warsaw looks like the Old City. The hotel I stayed in was a skyscraper. In front of it was a bare and stony patch that will one day be a square. The new boulevards are grimly rectilinear; the pavements alone are about as broad as Bond Street, and you look down them to infinity. At regular intervals there stand things like large iron lollipops on sticks: these are loudspeakers.

'The most modern, massive, rectilinear thing of all is the Palace of Culture: a monster skyscraper, 700 feet in height. This is the gift of Russia. At night it has red lights on top: to warn the aeroplanes, perhaps. Floodlit, it has the icy grandeur of a giant wedding cake with red cherries. By night or day you cannot get away from it: it is always up there, watching'.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN

'Grandfather's youngest son was, regrettably, a bad lad', said ANDREW DOUGLAS in a talk in the Home Service. 'After a childhood and adolescence of mischief, and occasionally even more serious wrong-doing, he became a "gentleman's gentleman"; to be precise, valet to a marquis.

'We never saw much of Uncle, and the tales of his escapades became a legend. Then, one Sunday, he turned up out of the blue to dinner. He had retired at forty-five after a serious accident, on a pension of £2 a week. "You may take enough furniture to set yourself up, James", growled his lordship at their parting. Uncle took him at his word. He chose well with an eye for

quality. The interior of his lodgings was like an antique dealer's dream.

'He started immediately to educate me in the ways of the gentry. "Damn it all, boy", he said in a shocked voice at dinner, "don't put your knife and fork anyhow on your plate at the end of a course; put them straight across the plate like mine". I was shaken; this was new ground to me. Then my boots bothered him. "My dear boy, those boots! Those bulging horrors! Pull your laces up tight from the bottom. Here!—like this. And for Heaven's sake don't do the bottom button of your waistcoat up. Nobody does that button up in good society. How can I take you anywhere if you have the manners and appearance of a gutter-snipe?"

'That year it was my first prize-giving day at the grammar school and I was to receive a prize. My father was shy about coming to the school. "Ask your Uncle James to come", he said, nervously. I did. "Certainly, my boy", said Uncle James without a moment's hesitation.

'On the afternoon of the prize-giving I was lined up with the other boys who were to receive their prizes from the Dean. The distinguished platform party were just beginning to arrive. Then, through the main door, I saw to my horror a languid figure, impeccably dressed, coming up the front steps. He stood poised at the top, flicked open his half-hunter gold watch, glanced at the time, and closed it with a snap. He surveyed the school captain through a gold-rimmed monocle, ignoring the hand outstretched to take his invitation card. With great deliberation, he advanced heavily towards the Head standing outside his study, resplendent in his gown.

"Ah! Doctor", he said pleasantly; "I hope I am going to hear a good report of the year's work in the new buildings, eh?" The Head was puzzled, but impressed. "Why . . . yes, indeed, a very satisfactory year—quite exceptionally good—five university awards . . . yes!"

"Good", said my uncle. "I would be glad if I might leave my hat".

"This way, my dear sir", said the Head affably. The top hat, frock coat, monocle, and beautifully creased trousers followed the Head into the study. He was every inch the marquis! When next I saw him, Uncle was walking in procession up the centre of the great hall to the platform. He was immediately behind the Dean, an admiral walking by his side. After the ceremony, at which he had waved aside an invitation to speak, with a dignified lift of his hand, I saw him talking to Old Browning outside our form room. Remembering his lectures on ease and confidence in society, I went straight up to him, smiling, but with my heart in my mouth. He winked at me discreetly. "How do you do, Sir", I said; "It is good of you to spare the time to come". My Uncle beamed approval. "Delighted to come, my boy. I'm glad to learn that you are doing well here". He turned to Old Browning. "His father was my valet for many years, you know. A decent fellow, decent fellow. Well, I think I must take this young man to my club and give him tea. Good-bye, Mr. Browning".

'Outside in the street, my Uncle gripped my arm in a friendly way. "You did well, Andrew", he said. "You are learning fast. Excellent! I could not have done it better myself at your age".

"Lord Jim", my father called him; but I once saw him engaged in his real professional offices. My grandfather had arthritis, and Uncle saw him struggling to get his boots on. "Let me put those on for you, Dad", he said gently. He manipulated the crippled feet into those hard old boots with the delicacy and dexterity of a surgeon performing a brain operation. He was an artist, and the best and most finished actor I ever knew—off the stage. He taught me many things that have stood me in good stead. When he died, he left me all his worldly possessions: "To my favourite nephew, Andrew Douglas; a good actor".

REDISCOVERING CROQUET

'Among my earliest recollections', said DOROTHY HORTON in 'Indian Summer', 'is the croquet lawn in the garden of my great-aunt's manor house in Burton Overy, a remote Leicestershire hamlet. It was "open house" for the whole village to come and play croquet whenever they pleased. Impatiently we children used to wait for the grown-ups to go off to their tea-cups, leaving us the chance to "knock each other out".

'It was not till I joined a club that I realized the "garden" croquet we had been riotously playing was far removed from the real game. It was then I found it to be no trial of strength but a true battle of wits. I say wits, for croquet is a game calling above all for strategy rather than for strength. In this respect, you can compare it with both chess and billiards. Like the billiards player, the experienced croquet player endeavours to make "breaks", and to do this he uses his red and yellow balls, to "pick up" those of his opponent, black and blue, placing all four in such a fashion that the "enemy" is kept from



Playing croquet in 1910

an innings as long as possible. To make a break of five or six hoops is good going, and to keep your opponent off the lawn till you have run both your balls twice round the court through twelve hoops to the peg (thus making all twenty-six points), you must be a first-class player. The experienced player is handicapped against the novice, to whom he gives a certain number of extra turns known as "bisques".

'Once a croquet player, always a croquet player. In my view, it is an ideal game for retired people, particularly in a climate such as ours where it is seldom fit to sit out of doors. I meet men and women well into the eighties who play it extremely well. Though you need a good eye to shoot at the balls from a distance, any slight infirmity is no bar to the mastery or enjoyment of the game.

'Four years ago I took up croquet seriously by joining the only club in Birmingham. On fine afternoons I love to turn my back on the roar and bustle of a great city and enjoy a game of croquet on a peaceful lawn surrounded by trees. In the pavilion of our club you see many contrasts: large-brimmed sun hats, some of which go back a quarter of a century, hang on the pegs above the mallet brackets, while on the shoe racks beneath lie several pairs of heavy goloshes, used now and again by stalwarts who will go on playing their match even in the rain.

'But we cannot all join clubs. In many municipal parks there are facilities for football, tennis, bowls, boating, and miniature golf, but rarely, except in a few seaside resorts, for croquet. I think it is time parks' committees generally were approached to provide at least one lawn, with balls and mallets for hire, to encourage the growth of this healthy and happy form of recreation'.

Pressures of Business

NORMAN C. HUNT on some problems of management in industry

ROUGHLY half of the 24,000,000 people at work in Britain today are engaged in the manufacturing industry, and the proportion rises to more than two-thirds if transport and the distributive trades are included. Statistics such as these are cold and dull and do little to highlight the tremendous importance of industrial organizations in modern society. We set store by our political and social institutions, and rightly so; nevertheless industrial organizations nowadays occupy much more of men's lives and energies and yet we know comparatively little about them. Moreover, in our academic and other research institutions the number of research workers engaged upon the study of industrial organizations is ridiculously small in the face of the problems to be resolved.

Discussions with Visiting Industrialists

The publication of *Business Enterprise*, by Professor R. S. Edwards and Mr H. Townsend*, is therefore welcome. It runs to some 600 pages and is packed with fascinating detail about British companies, their birth, growth and changing forms, not forgetting the increasing impact upon them of government intervention in industrial affairs. The book is based largely upon material collected during the course of some 200 discussions with visiting industrialists, who have described their organizations at Professor Edwards's seminar at the London School of Economics.

Despite the mass of empirical data contained in the volume, the writers permit themselves but few generalizations. Unfortunate as this may be from the student's point of view, it is understandable, for the authors are of the opinion, as they themselves put it, that 'as yet far too little is known to support clear findings, strong judgments and wide generalizations about industrial organization'. This is largely true. Nevertheless, in this book, as elsewhere, there is accumulating a great deal of evidence which, if it does no more, certainly reveals problem areas in which much more research by competent economists, psychologists, sociologists, and others needs to be done.

For example, there is good reason to believe that modern industrial organizations are becoming both larger and more complex. Certainly there are many factors tending in this direction. This is not the occasion for a discussion on the pros and cons of large-scale industry; that particular piece of ground has been well tilled, often by people with preconceived notions about size. The fact is that, for good or ill, as a recent study by the National Institute of Economic and Social Research showed, the large company occupies a most important place in British industry and accounts for something like one-third of the total industrial output. In this study the large company was defined as one with assets worth more than £2,500,000, and there were over 500 of these trading in Britain.

Moreover it is not merely a question of size, but also of complexity. Recent times have seen many cases of large undertakings widening the range of their activities, resulting in a more complex type of industrial structure. Two well-known examples quoted by Edwards and Townsend are those of the Ford Motor Company and the British Motor Corporation, which acquired control some years ago over their suppliers of motor bodies, Briggs and Fisher and Ludlow respectively. Tube Investments make no secret of the fact that their group of over fifty factories produce not only steel tubes but such a variety of products as aluminium alloys, electrical equipment, paint, motor cycle and bicycle parts, and a host of other finished goods. The petroleum and chemical industries offer outstanding examples of this increasing diversification of structure, for the development of new materials and the need to find economic employment for by-products forces firms to expand the variety of their activities. Indeed, the scientific and technological developments of our time are among the most

important factors affecting industrial structure. For one thing they involve heavy expenditure on research and development, expenditure which is often out of the question for small firms. Again, the high cost of research encourages firms to extend the range of their activities in order to spread both costs and risks as widely as possible.

If this generalization is justified, namely that modern industrial organizations are becoming larger and more complex, it can only mean that new organizational problems are being created and old ones intensified. In the first place, growth brings in its train managerial problems which may inhibit the full enjoyment of economies of large-scale production, marketing, and finance. Economists have long argued that the difficulties of managerial co-ordination were, beyond a certain point, a limiting factor on the profitable growth of the large company. These difficulties are intensified where the range of activities engaged in by a company is widened, but they are not necessarily insuperable. Indeed, the determination to surmount them is probably one of the reasons why a number of large companies have recently decentralized their organizations and established smaller, largely autonomous, units, each to some extent a managerial entity in itself. A few years ago, the President of the General Electric Company of America, one of the companies which has followed such a policy, said: 'With fewer people we find that management can do a better job of organizing facilities and personnel. This results in lower manufacturing costs and better production control'.

It may be that the current interest in and apparent tendency towards the decentralization of large undertakings is a somewhat belated recognition of the importance of people in organizations. One can only hope that at long last we are beginning to think about the pressures which traditional forms of organization put upon the people who are required to work in them. Certainly one encouraging fact is the increasing interest being shown in these problems by research workers in the social sciences.

For example, in my own university, Edinburgh, some extremely interesting work is being done in this particular field. A psychologist, R. M. McKenzie†, has been looking at the human aspect of relations between production and inspection departments in modern factories. This is simply a specific case of a general problem of industrial organization, that of relationships between groups which have to interact with each other but which do not necessarily have any real identity of interest. Moreover, it is a problem which becomes more acute as new specialist departments and functions are introduced into management.

The Production-Inspection Relationship

During the course of the research, which was carried on in a considerable number of factories, it became clear that this production-inspection relationship, in whatever setting, tended to produce similar pressures on the people involved and thus similar behaviour. As members of inspection and production departments were interviewed in the several factories their comments were surprisingly similar. Whenever an operative felt he was under what McKenzie calls 'inspection pressure', he would query the inspector's technical knowledge ('He can't do the job himself, so why should he criticize me?'); or he would claim that the dimensions criticized were irrelevant to the product's ultimate function ('What does it matter, anyway?'). Often he would claim that the inspector did not understand his difficulties—the poor materials, the incompetent workmen, the impossibility of the time allowances, and so on. The inspection departments knew all these familiar complaints and indeed warned the researchers about them in advance, but when they (the inspectors) themselves came under inspection pressure, as, for example, when the firm was working

* Macmillan. £3.

† See 'Some Human Aspects of Inspection', in *The Journal of the Institute of Production Engineers* (June 1957)

under government contract and there were government inspectors coming in, they made exactly the same sort of comments!

McKenzie makes the point that there is so much similarity about the reactions of different people in this sort of situation (that is with inspection separated from production and yet having to work closely with it), that it must be due to the relationships involved. It follows that, if the relation between production and inspection is organised in a certain way, then certain pressures are inevitable and certain kinds of behaviour will result. In other words, we can take our attention off personalities and focus it upon the organization. When friction occurs we should be less ready to start blaming personalities and more ready to have a good look at the organization to see what pressures it puts upon them. This important piece of research suggests that many of the human problems which result in discord, loss of production, and even strikes are not really personality problems at all, but organizational ones. However much care is taken over selection and training, if the company's organization is such that people are put into situations involving this kind of pressure, trouble is inevitable.

Research and Management

Let me give another example. I have already referred to the well-known fact that industry today is having to pay more and more attention to research and development. Moreover, all the indications are that this is likely to be even more necessary in the future. But research and development are not merely scientific and technological problems; the managerial problems of translating laboratory findings into industrial and commercial practices are no less important. Yet comparatively little attention is paid to the managerial and organizational questions involved, and, as a result, we fail to get the maximum economic benefit from the brilliance of British scientific and industrial research.

This problem has been engaging the attention of two other Edinburgh social scientists: Tom Burns, a sociologist, and George Stalker, a psychologist*. They have been studying the progress of a scheme whereby electronic applications are being introduced into the Scottish engineering industry. Although it is a completely separate piece of research from that already mentioned, it links closely with it, because many of the difficulties encountered in making this move into electronics were seen as personality problems. Once again, however, the research has shown that it is largely an organizational problem. It is fairly obvious that it is not sufficient merely to recruit a research and development team, create a new department, and stick another box on the organization chart. Yet, in fact, this is what tends to happen. An old-established firm has achieved a certain organizational stability. In this sort of situation, the fitting in of a new specialist group presents real difficulties, especially when they seem to be 'different'—having different manners, attitudes, clothes, background, and interests. They tend to be regarded as peculiar 'long-haired types' and rather suspect characters. A favourite but unsatisfactory solution is to keep the research group separate from the main organization, tucked away in its laboratory safely isolated from the rest of the factory. Separated organizationally and physically, it is little wonder that they just do not seem to fit.

Moreover, the new developments and procedures required by the work of the research team may be regarded as adding unnecessarily to overheads, and the new department is treated as a kind of luxury. Sealed off in their laboratory, the scientists become more and more frustrated at what they regard as the stupidity and obstructiveness of the production people. Neither side understands the other and the upshot is that either the leader of the research team is gently disposed of or he leaves to seek more congenial conditions elsewhere.

This piece of research by Burns and Stalker, like that by McKenzie, serves to highlight the need for a radical review of traditional patterns of organization. An organization that is merely an assembly of individual tasks is manifestly inadequate to meet the demands of change, and change seems to be increasingly the really big problem with which we have to deal.

At least two simple fundamentals emerge from all this, both of which point to the urgent need for more research in industrial organization. The first is that firms, even in widely differing

industries, face essentially similar problems; they are not unique. In our advanced management courses and seminars at Edinburgh University, where managers from many different industries come together in an integrated group, this is one of the things that soon emerge. They quickly discover that problems which they thought they alone encountered are, in fact, widely shared in slightly differing guises. Moreover, they are frequently surprised to find that in many cases research has already been done on them and, perhaps, practical solutions discovered.

The second simple fundamental is the great importance of the 'organization' in management. The research going on in Edinburgh shows this clearly and there has been a great deal more social research in the United States in the past ten years or so which points in the same direction. Some of the most interesting of this work is that of Professor Chris Argyris of Yale. In his book, *Personality and Organization*†, Argyris argues that there are many incongruities between the needs of the healthy individual personality and the demands of our traditional forms of organization. He suggests that, in our Western culture, the human being, as he moves from infant to adult, tends to develop from a passive to an active state; he moves from a state of dependence upon others to one of relative independence; instead of behaving in few ways, he becomes capable of behaving in many ways; his interests deepen and he becomes more ready to do things for their own sake; his time perspective lengthens, that is, he is more affected in his behaviour by the past and the future; he becomes less subordinate and aspires to equality or superordinate positions; he becomes more aware of himself and of his worth. This is not, of course, to say that all individuals develop in this way or come to anything like full maturity, but these are the basic developmental trends.

With this in mind we may question whether the tensions and problems which arise so frequently in our industrial organizations are the result of 'misfits'; it may well be that there is something inherent in the organizational patterns which causes resistance and makes tensions inevitable. In other words, if the principles of formal organization are applied, then, as Argyris puts it, 'the employees will tend to work in an environment where they are provided minimal control over the workaday world, where they are expected to be passive, dependent, subordinate, and to have a short time perspective, where they are induced to perfect and value the frequent use of a few superficial abilities'; in short, 'they are expected to produce under conditions leading to psychological failure'.

In so far as this is true, it is not surprising that some critics have suggested that mentally retarded people would do excellently in many of our modern industrial jobs. Mal Brennan describes an actual case of this kind; during the first world war an Italian knitting mill employed twenty-four girls from a mental institution, their mental age ranging from six to ten years. They did so well that they were kept on when the war emergency was over and the managers said that, compared with normal girls, they were 'more punctual, more regular . . . and did not indulge in as much gossip and levity. They received the same rate of pay and they had been employed successfully at almost every process carried out in the workshops'.

The Deficiencies of Traditional Patterns

Although all this research is showing up the deficiencies of traditional patterns of organization, much remains to be done in the development of more satisfactory ones. Recent experience has shown that the enlargement of functions (that is, the avoidance of unnecessary specialization), and the development of employee participation can do something towards improving the situation. Much more research needs to be done, however, on the possibility of reversing the trend of so-called 'scientific' management; decentralizing rather than centralizing; increasing the significant content of jobs rather than sub-dividing them further; harnessing group solidarity rather than trying to break it up; putting more satisfaction into the work situation rather than expecting workers to find it outside their jobs; in short, making it possible for workers to utilize their capacities more fully and thus truly to earn their keep.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

* See 'Factory Organization under Conditions of Change', in *The Accountants' Magazine* (November 1955). † Harper, New York. \$4.

On Writing a 'Life' of Jeremy Bentham

By MAURICE CRANSTON

I CAN make one boast about the book that I am now writing which few biographers of eighteenth-century subjects could make. I have seen the man I am writing about. My subject, the philosopher Jeremy Bentham, was born in February, 1748, and died in June, 1832. He was never buried. His body, embalmed, and dressed in the clothes which he wore in his old age, is preserved in a little cabin in University College, London. Bentham was one of the founders of University College, an anti-clerical free-thinking establishment, and sometimes he is taken out of his little cabin and placed at the table in the college council chamber, when important business is discussed. His head is no longer the real head; a waxwork model has replaced it. The original skull is preserved in a separate box: it is a skull that still has tufts of white hair on it. When friends from abroad come to visit me in England, I take them to see Jeremy Bentham. It seems to me to be one of the most curious sights of London. Some people find it rather macabre.

I am not sure what my own feelings towards it are: or, indeed, for that matter, what my feelings are in general about Jeremy Bentham. I have been collecting material for a biography of him for some time now, but I do not feel I have got very far beneath the surface of his personality. It may even be that there is not much underneath the surface to be found. John Stuart Mill, who knew Bentham when he, Mill, was a boy and a young man, believed that Bentham had no emotional life whatever. Mill said as much in an essay in his *Dissertations and Discussions*:

Bentham's knowledge of human nature was wholly empirical, and the empiricism of one who has little experience. He had neither internal experience nor external: the quiet, even tenor of his life, and the healthiness of mind conspired to exclude him from both. He never knew prosperity or adversity, passion nor satiety; he never had even the experiences which sickness gives; he lived from childhood to the age of eighty-five in boyish health. He knew no dejection, no heaviness of heart. He never felt life a sore and weary burden. He was a boy to the last. . . . How much of human nature slumbered in him he knew not, neither can we know. He had never been made alive to the unseen influences which were acting on himself nor, consequently, on his fellow creatures. Other ages and other nations were a blank to him for purposes of instruction. He measured them but by one standard—their knowledge of facts, and their capacity to take correct views of utility, and merge all other objects in it.

I think one thing at any rate is unfair in those words of John Stuart Mill's. Other ages and other nations were not a 'blank' to Bentham. He was a close student of history, and he travelled a great deal. He learned much on the Continent, and on the Continent people learned much from him. He was one of the most European of English philosophers—though perhaps it should be said at once that he was a philosopher of rather peculiar kind.

He worked out a theory of ethics, from which he deduced a theory of legislation; from this theory of legislation he deduced a theory of penology, and from this he deduced a theory of prison management. The strange thing about Bentham is that he gave more of his time and thought to the theory of prison manage-

ment than he gave to those wider systems of speculative thought on which that theory was based. He was a man of broad and original ideas, who directed his attention less to the development of those ideas themselves than to their narrowest implications. He was a crank as well as a philosopher, and often much more of a crank than a philosopher. This, coupled with that cerebral quality Mill speaks of, makes Bentham a somewhat unattractive subject from the point of view of the biographer.

Only three biographers have tackled him so far. The first was John Bowring, who made friends with Bentham when Bentham was seventy and he only twenty-four. The old man rescued Bowring from financial and other troubles, and loved him as a son. Bowring had little difficulty in persuading Bentham to make him his literary executor and official biographer despite the fact that Bentham's older friends saw Bowring for what he was—a careless, unscholarly, ambitious man. Bowring ended up a general and a knight and, rather more surprisingly for the protégé of an atheist philosopher, the author of several Victorian hymns, including one beginning 'In the Cross of Christ I glory'.

Bowring's biography—or memoir, as it is rightly called—is a slight work. The most substantial biography of Bentham is one first published in 1905: *Jeremy Bentham: His Life and Work*, by Charles Milner Atkinson, stipendiary magistrate for the City of Leeds. But even this is a book of only 203 pages, and, on the whole, rather amateurish. A better biographical study is *The Education of Jeremy Bentham* by Charles Warren Everett, an American. This came out in 1931, but, as the title indicates, it deals exclusively with Bentham's youth.

There is thus an obvious need for a full-length biography of Bentham, though the more I get to know the material, the better can I understand why nobody has so far written one. The material is plentiful, but intractable. It is not difficult to find. There are many papers in University College, London, with his body: many more in the British Museum; and yet more in the London School of Economics. The trouble is that the documents are almost unreadable. Even in his published works, Bentham's style was turgid and became with time increasingly prolix. In his unpublished writings his style is at its worst. This is a quality which I find difficult to explain. Bentham was completely a child of the eighteenth century. He was strongly Francophile. He was untouched by the 'romantic' movement that is part of what Mill meant when he said Bentham had no imagination. Yet Bentham signally lacked the great eighteenth-century virtue—and the great French virtue—of clarity: his writing is as obscure as that of the worst of the nineteenth-century romantics.

His life was relatively uneventful. He was born into a fairly rich, but not excessively rich, City of London man's family. He went to school at Westminster, where he was remarkable chiefly for his tiny stature—he was the smallest but one of the boys in the school. Westminster was then a fashionable establishment, and his father, who was very snobbish, hoped that Jeremy might make friends with the sons of noblemen. But Jeremy was a shy boy, and made friends with hardly anyone. From Westminster, he



The embalmed body of Jeremy Bentham, dressed in his own clothes, at University College, London

went to one of the smaller Oxford colleges, Queen's, where he was, if anything, more lonely and unhappy than he had been at school. He was in fact still a boy; entering his college at what had come to be by that time the uncommonly early age of twelve. He took his degree as Bachelor of Arts at sixteen, and was promptly entered at Lincoln's Inn to read law, with a view to a career at the Bar.

For a year or two Bentham worked hard at his legal studies, but gradually he came to give his time to reading books of a less circumscribed kind—philosophy books, history books, scientific books, and so forth. He was particularly interested in the works of Montesquieu, Hume, Priestley, Beccaria, and Helvetius: and this was the beginning of his life-long concern with the principles of legislation. His father, who had once been a lawyer himself, wrote to reproach him for his neglect of his proper studies. Bentham wrote back a letter which has been preserved:

Forgive me, sir, if I declare simply, and once and for all, that till this great business is disposed of, I feel myself unable to think of any other. The will is here out of the question. Whatever may be the case with others, I find it impossible with me to bring the powers of invention to a mechanical obedience. . . . In the track I am in I march with alacrity and hope: in any other I should crawl on with despondency and reluctance. If I am not likely to succeed in a pursuit in which I am engaged with affection and with strong presentiments of success, much less am I when both are wanting.

Obsession with Penology

Thus Bentham abandoned all idea of making a career for himself as a lawyer. He resolved to live instead on his modest private means, and devote himself to his private studies. In 1777, when Bentham was twenty-nine, a Swiss organisation, the Société Economique de Berne, offered a prize of fifty louis for the best plan of a code of criminal law. Bentham resolved to compete, and within a few months sent the society a synopsis of his projected code. The code, however, took him so long to elaborate that he was too late to be a candidate for the competition. Nevertheless it marked the beginning of Bentham's obsession with questions of penology.

The connection with Switzerland was also to prove an important one in Bentham's life, for it put him into touch with a Swiss theorist of legislation, Etienne Dumont, who became his disciple and collaborator. Bentham and Dumont were ideally suited as collaborators. Bentham was full of original ideas, but he could not write clearly or well. Dumont could write with the utmost lucidity, but he had nothing original to say. In their partnership, Bentham was thus the originator and Dumont the expositor. Dumont, of course, wrote in French, and the publication of the books he had written under the inspiration of Bentham made Bentham's name more celebrated in Europe than it was at home.

Bentham enjoyed his foreign reputation. He spent much of the time in France, and he also went to live for a while on the estate of Prince Potemkin in Russia, where he conceived—in vain—the hope of selling his ideas on penal reform to Queen Catherine II. His keenest admirers were in France, and after the Revolution he was offered—on August 26, 1792—the honour of citizenship of that republic. He accepted the offer, in a letter which included the following paragraph:

If unfortunately I were forced to choose between incompatible obligations imposed by the two positions, my sad choice, I must own, must fall on the earlier and stronger claim. . . . Passions and prejudices divide man; great principles unite them. Faithful to these, as true as they are simple, I would think myself a weak reasoner and a bad citizen were I not, though a royalist in London, a republican in Paris. I should deem it a fair consequence of my being a royalist in London that I should become a republican in Paris. Thus doing, I should alike respect the rights and follow the example of my sovereign who, while an Anglican in England is a Presbyterian in Scotland and a Lutheran in Hanover.

I fancy one can detect in that letter a certain note of reservation with regard to the French Revolution, which Bentham certainly felt. Bentham's enthusiasm for it was tempered by the knowledge that it had been inspired by other and rival political philosophers: by Locke's theory of liberty and the rights of man; and by Rousseau's theory of equality and democracy. Bentham regarded

these theories as 'metaphysical'. His own theory recognised only one principle, and that was what he called utility. In other words, Bentham believed that the only good thing was the useful thing, and the only useful thing was that which promoted happiness and diminished pain. Even among the ancient Greek philosophers there had been some who were known as universal hedonists, and whose basic tenet was the universalization of pleasure. But Bentham was the first modern theorist to make this principle the sole criterion of morality and legislation. He did not invent the phrase 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number', which is nearly always quoted when his name is mentioned. He took it from a treatise of the Italian jurist Beccaria: '*La massima felicità devisa nel maggior numero*'.

Even so, it is a phrase which perfectly sums up Bentham's teaching. What was morally wrong or most evil in his eyes was that which caused pain to the largest number of people: what was right was what gave the greatest happiness to the greatest number of people. The French Revolution was justified, on this analysis, in so far as the old régime had made for misery among the majority of Frenchmen; and in so far as the new régime made for happiness. All talk of liberty, equality, fraternity was beside the point; was, indeed, positively harmful in that it diverted people's minds from real issues to rhetorical issues. When the Declaration of the Rights of Man was proclaimed in Paris, Bentham wrote to a French friend:

I am sorry you have undertaken to publish a Declaration of the Rights of Man. It is a metaphysical work, the *ne plus ultra* of metaphysics. It may have been a necessary evil, but it is nevertheless an evil. . . . Natural rights is simple nonsense; natural and imprescriptible rights, rhetorical nonsense—nonsense upon stilts. But this rhetorical nonsense ends in the old strain of mischievous nonsense.

Bentham's position on this question of the rights of man is straightforward. He believed that the only genuine rights are those which are based on the actual law of actual states, positive rights, rights which are enforced. Natural rights are the rights man *ought* to have. Bentham thought the only genuine rights were the rights man *did* have. He thought talk about 'natural and imprescriptible rights' was mischievous as well as nonsensical because it stood in the way of actual legislation. The French were proclaiming grand principles, uttering splendid words: but they were not making sound new laws: particularly they were not making those sound new laws which were adumbrated in the Benthamite code.

Legal Code on the Principle of Utility

The Benthamite legal code rested on the principle of utility. The traditional idea of justice was repudiated. It was not the business of the law, Bentham held, to administer punishment, to take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth: but, on the contrary, it was the business of the law to diminish pain and promote happiness. Crimes were such deeds as caused pain to society: crime was something to be prevented. Criminals should not be punished, but reformed, or kept where they could do no harm.

Bentham gave years of his life to devising the perfect utilitarian prison: he called it the Panopticon: and he devoted much of his ingenuity to working out the details of its architecture and organisation. Powerful friends in the English government encouraged this interest, and Bentham lived in the expectation, as well as the hope, of seeing a Panopticon built. But, in the end, his English admirers disappointed him, even as his French admirers had done.

However, he lived to a ripe old age, and was far healthier in his maturity than he had ever been in childhood and youth. He never married, though he paid court to at least two ladies; and he thought of himself as a veritable hermit, though he was in fact quite hospitable, as one can tell from a letter he wrote in 1818 to an Irish friend named Thompson:

During your stay in London, my hermitage, such as it is, is at your service. . . . I am a single man, turned of seventy; but as far from melancholy as a man need be. Hour of dinner, six; tea between nine and ten; breakfast my guests, whoever they are, have at their own hour, and by themselves; my breakfast, of which a newspaper read to me to save my weak eyes, forms an indispensable part, I take by myself. Wine I drink none, being in that particular of the persuasion of Jonadas, the son of Rechab. At

dinner soup as constantly as if I were a Frenchman, an article of my religion learned in France; meat, one or two sorts, as it may happen; ditto sweet things of which, with the soup, the principal part of my dinner is composed. Of the dessert, the frugality matching with that of the dinner. Coffee for anyone that chooses it.

Even in his latest years, Bentham wrote as many as ten or fifteen folio pages every day, heading each page with the date of its composition. He took regular exercise, walking and sometimes

trotting round the garden of his house. He was always at home—and one can visualise him perfectly: his white hair long and flowing, his neck bare; dressed in his brown, quaker-cut coat, breeches, and white socks. When he died, in June 1832, he was in his eighty-fifth year. His clothes were outmoded and well worn then: but he is still wearing them, 126 years later, in that little cabin in University College, Gower Street, where anyone who likes is allowed to go to see him.—*European Services*

Keats and the Development of Sensibility

By WILLIAM WALSH

KEATS'S poetic career was an extraordinary passage from cockney to classic. Between 'The Eve of St. Agnes' and the great odes, Keats was astonishingly transformed from a charming minor talent to a genius of the first order.

As I see it, this development is a brilliant, profound, and exemplary exercise in the education of sensibility. By sensibility I mean the whole concourse of mental powers in co-operative action, feeling which energizes reason and reason which enlightens feeling, or what Rémy de Gourmont described as that power of feeling which is unequally developed in each human being and which includes reason itself, since sensibility is nothing other than reason crystallised. We see the education of sensibility, in the concrete, stage by stage, in Keats's poetry. But Keats had a most unusual capacity for acute analysis; and in his letters he offers a lucid and persuasive account (even if a scattered and unsystematic one) of the development of his sensibility. It is this—Keats's own view of what takes place as the poet's powers unfold, his own interpretation of what he called the 'allegory' of his life—that I want to consider here.

First, there is the primary poetic sensibility corresponding to the ordinary man's ordinary endowment. Keats calls this 'primitive sense—the knowledge of contrast, feeling for light and shade, all that information necessary for a poem'. There is no doubt that there is delight to be had, both for poet and reader, in the uninhibited play of this primitive sense. But it is like the graceful, fluent gestures of childhood, supple but not subtle, free but not disciplined, exquisite but not serious. No young poet, any more than any young person, becomes adult by the mere progression of original endowment. It also requires effort, conscience, thought. The man at a certain point in his life, the poet at a certain point in his career—maybe earlier or later—has to make a fundamental choice.

For Keats this choice assumed a variety of forms: 'I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately—I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed, I, who for so long, have been addicted to passiveness'; or, again: 'I hope I am a little more of a philosopher than I was, consequently a little less of a versifying pet lamb'. Perhaps these words put the choice most

nakedly: 'I must choose between despair and energy—I choose the latter'.

For everyone who wishes to discipline his sensibility—to refine his sensual vision into a sort of North Star', as Keats put it—this choice lies at the roots of progress. It cannot be evaded.

By it a man decides against the volatility of impulse and for the life of reason, which is, as Santayana said, 'simply the unity given to all existence by a mind in love with the good'. To say that the life of reason belongs to a mind in love with the good is to indicate the two streams of personal development. They are moral and intellectual. Sensibility itself is matured not by efforts aimed directly at sensibility but by becoming more piercingly informed by intelligence and less precariously an instrument of morality. This is not to say that intellectual and moral development are parallel but independent. It is rather that morality becomes intellectually enlightened and intelligence dignified by a deeply felt morality. Keats makes this connexion himself. In sentences which follow one another he says: 'I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world but continuously drinking in knowledge. I find that there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world'. Sensibility, the intellect, the moral sense, develop as a single existence, flow in and out of one another, till they are indistinguishable. Or in Keats's idiom: 'Then I should be the most enviable—with the yearning

passion I have for the Beautiful connected and made one with the ambition of my intellect'.

To Keats the matured or maturing sensibility shows itself as having or coming to have a certain complex of habits and qualities, moral and intellectual. The first is that consistent moral attitude which we can call integrity. This is the recognition and acceptance of an order which must never be compromised by mere expediency, or disturbed by personal caprice, or sacrificed to any interest outside itself. It is the moral correlative of the coherence of reason itself and the primary virtue of the mind. As Keats said: 'For that sort of probity and disinterestedness which such men as Bailey possess does hold and grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honours that can be paid to anything in the world'. Keats was aware of the danger of making integrity itself an



John Keats: a portrait of 1821, the year of his death, by J. Severn
National Portrait Gallery

abstraction, of making a holocaust of one's humanity before it. But perhaps to be aware of this danger is to anticipate it. 'All I hope', he says, 'is I may not lose all interest in human affairs—that the solitary indifference I feel for applause even from the finest spirits will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have'.

Keen Sense of Fact

The second great intellectual virtue is a tonic sense of reality, a keen sense of fact. It is both generous and disillusioned, tolerant and discriminating. We find the two themes in perfect equilibrium in the following comment: 'Men should bear with one another: there lives not a man who may not be cut up, aye lashed to pieces, on his weakest side. The best of men have but a portion of good in them, a kind of spiritual yeast in their frames, which creates the ferment of existence by which a man is prepared to act and strive and buffet with circumstance'. And in this passage we hear a cool dismissal of the pretensions of men. 'Very few men have arrived at complete disinterestedness of mind: very few have been influenced by a pure desire of benefit to others—in the greater part of the Benefactors to Humanity some meretricious motive has sullied their greatness—some melo-dramatic scenery has fascinated them'. But Keats's realistic recognition of the impurity of human motives never descends into superficial cynicism. He goes on, 'As Wordsworth says, we have all one human heart—there is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify—so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of a new heroism'.

Keats's diagnosis of human fact, his estimation of human possibility, goes with an account, equally acute, equally liberal, of the specifically intellectual advance of the disinterested and undistracted mind. The following words, for example, are not a defence of universal scepticism—Keats was constantly making up his mind—but a vivid plea for range and catholicity, for intellectual sympathy and suspended judgment. 'The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing—to allow the mind to be a thoroughfare for all thought, not a select party. All the stubborn arguers you meet with are of the same brood. They never begin upon a subject they have not preresolved on'. 'An extensive knowledge is needful to thinking people', but in Keats's view it was to be valued not for itself but because 'it takes away the heat and fever: and helps by widening speculation to ease the burden of Mystery'. An extensive knowledge is also a demonstration in one mind of the unity of all knowledge, and to be aware of this, Keats thinks, is both a stage in, and a sign of, intellectual maturity. 'When the mind is in its infancy a Bias is in reality a Bias, but when we have acquired more strength, a Bias becomes no Bias. Every department of knowledge we see excellent and calculated towards a great whole'.

Two Themes

But the knowledge which exists in any mind is never a mere aggregate of components. It makes a structure even if it is only a fragmentary one. It is also true, as Keats realised, that no matter how extensive the knowledge and how exceptional the mind, its knowledge is organized under only one or two fundamental themes or interests: 'The two uppermost thoughts in a man's mind are the two poles of his world, he revolves on them and everything is southward or northward to him through their means. We take but three steps from feathers to iron'. Accepting this limitation checks fanaticism: 'The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul'.

Nor is this fact about the human mind anything which should lead to division either of man from man or of specialist from the general body of the educated. 'But the minds of mortals are so different, and bent on such diverse journeys, that it may at first appear impossible for any common taste or fellowship to exist between two or three under these suppositions. It is, however, quite the contrary. Minds would leave each other in contrary directions, traverse each other in numberless points, and at last greet each other at the journey's end'. Moreover, 'every point of thought', Keats insisted, 'is the centre of an intellectual world',

and 'when a man has arrived at a certain ripeness of intellect any one great and spiritual passage serves him as a starting point towards all "the two and thirty palaces"'.

Keats, in describing his own maturing sensibility, again and again stresses the need for activity, for effort and energy. He goes so far as to say, 'every mental pursuit takes its reality and worth from the ardour of the pursuer'. His insistence is related to what he feels to be the importance of the truth he is recommending, but it is also in part explained by the conformation of his own character which loved to loll in a sort of luxurious, spiritual idleness. This urgency about activity and effort comes from the need he felt to brace up his own temperament. But to have his full view we must also see what he thought of the other side; that is, the importance in intellectual development of not forcing the issue, of patience. Keats believed, too, that nothing is 'finer for the purpose of great productions than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers': and although this may seem odd to us as we observe his own extraordinarily quick transformation, no doubt to him, a genius, it felt like a slow and painful process. As well as the ardour of energy, then, a man needed to be patient and receptive: not to be 'buzzing here and there for a knowledge of what is to be arrived at'. There should be no 'irritable reaching after fact and reason'. The ability to wait calmly on the gradual ripening of the powers of the mind is the intellectual equivalent of an attribute we find frequently referred to in Keats's letters as proper to a mature mind.

Rational Humility

And that is a rational humility. I say rational because there is nothing servile or unmanly in Keats's idea of humility. 'I have not', he writes, 'the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, or to anyone in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the memory of great men'. But if he stood in a position of dignified independence towards his audience, his attitude to it was also free from any infection of arrogance. 'I have not the slightest contempt for my species, but though it may sound paradoxical, my greatest elevations of soul leave me every time more humbled'. To be humble towards those with a more inclusive view of life and a finer vision of perfection, Keats thought, was to preserve the health of one's soul with the salt of sanity: 'There is no greater sin, after the seven deadly, than to flatter oneself into the idea of being a great poet, one of those beings who are privileged to wear out their lives in the pursuit of honour'. To be humble is to have a clear view of reality; to be arrogant is to fall into the illusory and the unreal: 'Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself'.

Humility was part of the standard Keats used to make a fundamental division of minds. He distinguished the immature from the disciplined: 'There are two distinct tempers of mind in which we judge things', he wrote, 'the worldly, theatrical and pantomimical; and the unearthly, spiritual and ethereal. In the former, Bonaparte, Lord Byron, and Charmian hold the first place in our minds; in the latter, John Howard, Bishop Hooker rocking his child's cradle, and you, my dear sister, are the conquering feelings'. What the other part of his standard was may best be conveyed by a phrase he used of Dilke, 'a Godwin perfectibility man'. Keats himself was not, nor was anyone he approved of, 'a Godwin-perfectibility man'. In spite of his belief that there had been between Milton and Wordsworth 'a grand march of intellect', he did not interpret the experience of history nor his own life as a necessary, upward drive to the millennium.

He was not rash or naïve. There was nothing of the unqualified optimist about him. Keats was not convinced that even the most liberal intentions, the most candid co-operation, the best of goodwill, could usher in an earthly paradise or make human experience just a comfortable context for man to develop in. He held a conception of human nature which is integral with that expressed in the greatest literature. He held, that is, the tragic view of life. And he believed that this view distinguished the mature from the undisciplined, the developed from the arrested

mind. The tragic view of man modified his attitude to the practical affairs of daily life ('Circumstances are like clouds continually gathering and bursting—while we are laughing the seed of some trouble is put into the wide arable land of events') just as it provided the organising principle of his parable of the human situation, 'the large mansion of many apartments'.

These, then, in Keats's reading of his own life are the stages in the education of the sensibility; first, a fundamental decision on the side of seriousness and maturity; next the long effort 'to refine one's sensual vision' by acquiring the virtues of the disciplined mind, integrity, generosity, disinterestedness, a clear eye for reality, a scope of reference, a sense of the limitation and the structure of one's knowledge, energy in effort and patience in waiting, and a calm and balanced humility; then

the recognition and acceptance of a mature conception of man.

And the product of all this? 'I can scarcely express what I but dimly perceive—and yet I think I perceive it—that you may judge the more clearly I will put it in the most homely form possible—I will call the world a School instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the human heart the hornbook used in that School—and I will call the Child able to read, the Soul made from that School and its hornbook. Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an intelligence and make it a Soul? A place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways! Not merely is the Heart a Hornbook, It is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the seat from which the Mind or intelligence sucks its identity'.—*Third Programme*

Pygmies and Giants in the Congo

By JOHN HILLABY

THE impression you are likely to get in the north-east of the Congo is that all the pygmies have left the shelter of the forest and are working as odd-job men on the roads, which are now being cut with difficulty through that land of enormous trees. You will find little black men in charge of petrol pumps; some are swinging about with obvious enjoyment on the scaffolding of the new bridges across the tributaries of the Congo river. Others are working for the mission stations, and a few are begging. This is usually the sign of a culture at the end of its tether.

But I am glad to say that the majority of these little people whom you see outside the forests in the north-east are not pygmies. They are pygmoids, the offspring of a liaison between a pygmy and a normal-sized Negro. The real pygmies are the nomads of the rain forests. They are hunters who make temporary encampments near the huts of the Negroes, who supply them with grown food such as corn and bananas in exchange for game. But even the pygmies have learnt that there is a good deal to be said for a static life if you can get hold of some of that compressed wealth that is called money, and the first pygmy I met was a professional bird-shooter. He was a pot-bellied little fellow called Caporali, the Little Corporal, who was

working for a professional ornithologist in the Lake Kivu region.

Caporali is quite well-off, but his friends and relatives who are hunting okapi in the Ituri forest are lucky if they can catch enough game to keep out of debt to the Negroes who are virtually their bosses. I do not know why the pygmies have allowed themselves to be exploited for so long. It is probably because the practice was first enforced by conquest and then became a tradition of a simple people. There are probably about 60,000 or 70,000 pygmies alive today, all of them within five degrees north or south of the Equator, but they must have been a fairly widespread people in the Africa of 4,000 or 5,000 years ago. That, at least, is the impression we get from an ancient Egyptian monument of a 'Dancing Dwarf from the Land of Spirits'.

He was captured or he was enticed to make the journey up the Nile by the commander-in-chief of the Pharaoh Neferkare. Nobody can say now whether the pygmy is the dwarfish remnant of a big race able to live where nobody else can live—that is, inside the forest—or whether he is an evolutionary relic, a hang-over from the time when all men were little bigger than the present Congolese forest-dwellers. It is certain that only pygmies can live in the undergrowth of enormous trees. They can double along the animal tracks like animals, even when there are no



Little men of the forest and a giant of the valley: the pygmies, above, are playing a rudimentary type of trumpet; the Watutsi on the right is one of the dancers for which his tribe is famed

Belgian National Railways

tracks visible to the eyes of a white man. Left to themselves, they build leaf huts so small that even they cannot stand upright in them. But these are temporary affairs. If the pygmies get tired of a place they move on, although not so far that they cannot return to their own barter bosses when they want food and tobacco and some frightful-tasting stuff called *pombe*, which is banana beer.

The driver of my jeep in the Congo was a respectable Bantu who did not think much of pygmies or pygmoids, and he was rather surprised when I asked him to drive me to an encampment of the Bambuti, as he called them. We took along some sugar and some cigarettes, but there was such a row coming from the little beehive huts that he went along himself to investigate. He came back and said something which obviously meant 'not today'. So of course I had to go along to see what it was all about. The pygmies, I found, were very drunk. A party of drunks, when you are sober yourself, is embarrassing at the best of times, but when the drunks insist on firing arrows straight up in the air in the middle of a dance it becomes positively dangerous, and I have rarely felt more in need of a tin-hat. But they were very friendly, and if I did not learn much about their customs on that occasion I found out that a group marriage party among pygmies is quite something.

Marriage on a 'Head for a Head' System

Marriage between pygmies is usually based on a complicated 'head for a head' system, in which the son of one clan tries to persuade the brother or the kinsman of his bride-to-be to marry somebody from his own family unit so that the balance of males, the hunting members of the clans, remains the same. Wives of unfaithful husbands have the right to go straight back to mother's hut without further ado, but as marriages are often cross-linked in a sort of network of in-laws, the complications caused by adultery are enormous and can almost undo the whole tribe. Adultery is, therefore, very unpopular among the Bambuti. It seems that the party to which I had invited myself was a sort of kiss-and-make-up. Somebody had strayed from his own hut, but he had repented before the complications caused by six wives going back to six mothers really began. Incidentally, I was told that pygmy mothers-in-law are bound by strict taboos to keep out of the way of newly-weds and in some of the tribes they are not even allowed to speak to their sons-in-law, which has something to be said for it.

Pygmy tribes are never large and they may be more properly described as groups of families. The little people love the sun and, what seems strange among rain-forest dwellers, they strongly dislike the rain and sometimes hide from it, while thunder is considered to be a fearful business and an occasion for a lot of magic-making including the production of shrill notes from their whistles called *pikipikis*.

Pygmies are on the average about four feet seven or eight inches tall. If you travel south-east from their land you will soon find yourself on the floor of the African Rift valley where, in Ruanda, there is a land of giants. The giants are the Watutsi: cattle-owners, aristocrats; tall, thin men renowned for their prowess in dancing and high-jumping. All of them claim descent from the Envoys of Heaven and in their dealings with their underlings, the Bahutu (who are virtually their slaves), or indeed in their dealings with the white man, they put on an air of haughty and somewhat languid authority. To look at they are a beautiful people. Standing, slightly bent, in the dark doorways of their huts, they resemble drawn-out question marks or the line of what, I believe, in mathematics is called a cubical parabola, that is a very slight curve, more curved at the top and at the bottom.

These rather improbable Watutsi have a reputation for double-dealing which may or may not be deserved. I was told this by their white administrators who have the task of dealing with an exceptionally sophisticated people who are striving for more and more independence and who, I think, may well get it one day. Some of the Watutsi are jet-black but they are not Negroes. They are a Hamitic or Nilotic people who came down from Abyssinia or Ethiopia about 4,000 or 5,000 years ago, and because they were cattle owners they soon conquered the local Bahutu farmers. It is an anthropological rule that the wandering pastoralist usually knocks out the local farmer who is generally tied to his land.

Today, after many generations of domination, the Watutsi are still the lords of Ruanda. Their women, who are almost as important as their cattle, are frequently carried in litters. Sometimes when their menfolk ride bicycles they think it undignified to pedal so they are pushed by those who are correctly known as their supporters. Their chief, the M'wami Charles Leon Pierre Rudahigwa Mutara the Third, has at least one pale-blue Cadillac and a palace like a film set, which, indeed, it once was. His forebears must have been about the most blood-thirsty rulers in central Africa. They had scores of hangmen called Batwa and the two commonest commands in the courts of the M'wamis seem to have been to fetch and to kill. They still use the old sacrificial drums but nowadays for more peaceful purposes than a summons to slaughter.

The Watutsi or the Batutsi—it is all a matter of whether you use the singular or plural name of these people—are a most interesting race. In some ways they are examples of the peoples of the Africa of tomorrow. They are individualists. They are a dominant minority—dominant because they are capitalists. Their capital is cattle and the land off which cattle feed. Their land is poor and over-populated: but not by the Watutsi—by their subject races like the Batwa.

When you drive through Ruanda or Urundi you are struck by the fact that every inch of the land seems to be cultivated. The hillsides are ringed with embankments or terraces, designed to catch and hold every drop of rain. The country is a relatively small one but it adjoins the large game plains of the Rift valley, where a group of elephant or buffalo can roam unimpeded over thousands of acres. These animals mean meat to the Africans. If they can kill just one of them they need not work for perhaps a month. How can you explain to them that if it were not for the game parks and the sanctuaries, there would be no more big game? Many species would be blotted out forever. You can never replace an animal once you kill off the last pair. But, more important, how can you explain that we, the so-called sophisticated races, are just learning that animals are a very important part of the land and that land is a community and they and we are part—not the whole—of that community? I do not know the answer to these questions. But I do know that land-controlling nations must work out a policy of land-management, which is based on human rights and human needs, and I know that plants and animals are a part of that need.

A Forest People

Driving back from Ruanda to Epulu in the pygmy country, I reflected on the two races of Africans, one between four and five feet in height, the other between six and seven feet. It is said locally that the Bahutu of Ruanda are the product of a cross between the two, but I think there is no good evidence for this. The pygmies have been tied to the Negroes on the edge of the forest for hundreds of years. They do not mix with anybody else. They have no need to. The language of the pygmies has been studied recently in an attempt to unravel the origins of the little people, but the results were inconclusive. In the north-east Congo the Bambuti use the dialects of their Bantu-speaking overlords, showing that their subjugation to specific Negro groups is of very ancient origin. I heard of one tribe near the Bomokandi river who were living entirely free, growing vegetables; but it is significant that they had not left the forest. A true pygmy seems to be unsure of himself once he leaves the shadow of the great trees. Some are so shy that they will not even face their overlords. At night they leave offerings of game in clearings called 'pygmy markets' and they return the following night to pick up whatever their bosses have left for them. By contrast, the Negroes hate and fear the forest and despise the little people who live in it.

What is the future of the pygmy? As a race he probably has no future whatever. Once drawn from the forest he rarely returns. The pygmy half-breeds, the pygmoids, can be seen along the forest roads, holding up tom-toms, showing they are willing to dance for a few francs, or offering up their little fur-tipped bows and black-shafted arrows for sale. The M'wami, the chief of the Watutsi giants, must often pass them as he sits in his chauffeur-driven Cadillac. I am sure he does not stop. He is the symbol of the race that has got on.—Home Service

Round the London Art Galleries



Above, left: 'Christ Enthroned', an ivory carving of the tenth or eleventh century from the Victoria and Albert Museum's exhibition 'Masterpieces of Byzantine Art' (sponsored by the Edinburgh Festival Society)

Above: 'La Promenade', by Manet: one of the seven masterpieces (by Manet, Cézanne, Renoir, and Van Gogh) in the Goldschmidt Sale, which is to take place at Sotheby's on October 15. The paintings will be on exhibition there from October 6

Left: 'Man on Cart', from the exhibition of paintings and drawings by Josef Hofman at Roland Browse and Delbanco

Three Early African Empires

By THOMAS HODGKIN

THE Sudan, meaning 'the country of the Black People', is the name the Arabs gave to the great belt of savannah stretching across Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. North of it lies the Sahara desert; south of it is tropical forest. In the west the river Niger flows through the Sudan for most of its course, providing a natural link for the peoples who live along it. It was in this region that large, well-organised, predominantly Negro states—which at the height of their power could reasonably be called empires—were established during the period known to Europeans as the Middle Ages. Three of these states stand out in history: Ghana, Mali, and Gao.

Why were these states important? Principally because they played the part of middlemen. They were middlemen in the commercial sense: their towns were the great markets—for gold and slaves from the forest countries to the south; for salt from the Sahara mines; for horses, cloth, swords, books, and haberdashery from North Africa, and even from Europe. But they were also intermediaries as regards ideas: from the eleventh century on, the towns of the western Sudan were the main centres from which the teachings of Islam, carried across the desert from North Africa, began to be diffused among West Africans. The spread of Islam had various important consequences for West Africa. It meant the development of contacts across the Sahara between the Arab and Negro worlds, and the growth of Muslim learning and scientific interests. Indeed, what we know about these kingdoms comes mainly from the works of contemporary Arab geographers, who took pains to describe this frontier Muslim region, or of Negro scholars writing in Arabic.

One way of looking at these Sudanese kingdoms is to take certain familiar dates in English history, and ask: What was the state of affairs in the western Sudan at this particular point in time? This may help us to fit the rise, development, and decline, of Ghana, Mali, and Gao into some kind of historical framework.

Let us begin with that well-known date, 1066. When William of Normandy invaded England, what was happening in West Africa? Unquestionably the most powerful state at this time was Ghana, ruled over by a still surviving people called the Sarakole, which since the eighth century or earlier dominated the region to the north of the Senegal and Niger rivers. We need to remember, of course, that this ancient Ghana, on the edge of the Sahara, lay several hundred miles north of modern 'Ghana'—the Gold Coast, as it used to be called. The main link between the two is that the people of modern Ghana, the first West African colony to become an independent state, look back to the ancient kingdom of Ghana as their cultural ancestor, rather in the way that modern Europeans look back to Greece and Rome. Much the best account of eleventh-century Ghana comes from the excellent Arab geographer al-Bakri, who completed his *Description of North Africa* in 1067. Let me quote a few sentences:

Ghana consists of two towns situated in a plain. The one inhabited by Muslims is very big and includes twelve mosques . . . The town the king lives in is six miles away and is called El Ghaba, which means 'the forest'.

The king's interpreters, the controller of his treasury, and the majority of his vizirs are chosen from among the Muslims . . .

The religion of these Negroes is paganism and the worship of idols . . . All the gold nuggets found in the mines belong to the king; but he leaves to his people the gold dust, with which everybody is familiar . . . The king of Ghana can raise 200,000 warriors, 40,000 of them being armed with bows and arrows.

Al-Bakri, you notice, speaks of the capital of Ghana as consisting of two towns—one Muslim, the other predominantly pagan. The site of the Muslim town is almost certainly the modern Koumbi Saleh, in what is now French West Africa, where recent excavations have revealed a number of well-constructed stone houses, with triangular niches in the walls and Koranic inscriptions on the plaster; a mosque; and substantial tombs outside the city. Al-Bakri also makes clear that in his day the ruling dynasty was pagan. But ten years after our reference date, in 1076-7, the situation changed. The Berber Almoravids, puritan

Muslim reformers from the western Sahara, who had already established their power in Morocco, attacked and captured Ghana, and converted the dynasty to Islam. This clearly was the time when Islam was beginning to spread throughout the western Sudan, as much a result of the peaceful penetration of North African merchants and scholars as of the shock of the Almoravids' holy war.

Let us now jump nearly three centuries and consider the state of the western Sudan in 1346, the year of the battle of Crécy. How did things stand then? The Empire of Ghana had totally disappeared. Its power was finally broken by its southern neighbours, the Sosso, probably in the year 1203. Most of the Ghana merchants and scholars fled north to a new caravan city on the extreme edge of the Sahara, Walata. This captured much of Ghana's trans-Saharan trade—though there may have been some southward migration of the Ghana people too. And Timbuktu, on the Niger bend to the east, was already at the beginning of its period of commercial greatness.

Politically the larger part of the western Sudan—from Senegal in the west to the Hausa states (in what is now northern Nigeria) in the east—was included in, or dependent upon, the widespread Mali Empire. Mali, the kingdom of the Mandingo people, began to be a powerful force in the thirteenth century.

But it was the great fourteenth-century emperor, Mansa Musa (*mansa* in Mande simply means 'emperor'), who was responsible for the furthest extension of the frontiers of the Mali empire; and who, by his magnificently equipped state pilgrimage to Mecca, by way of Cairo, literally put Mali on to the medieval European map. The lavish presents of gold which Mansa Musa distributed in Cairo, and their inflationary effect upon the



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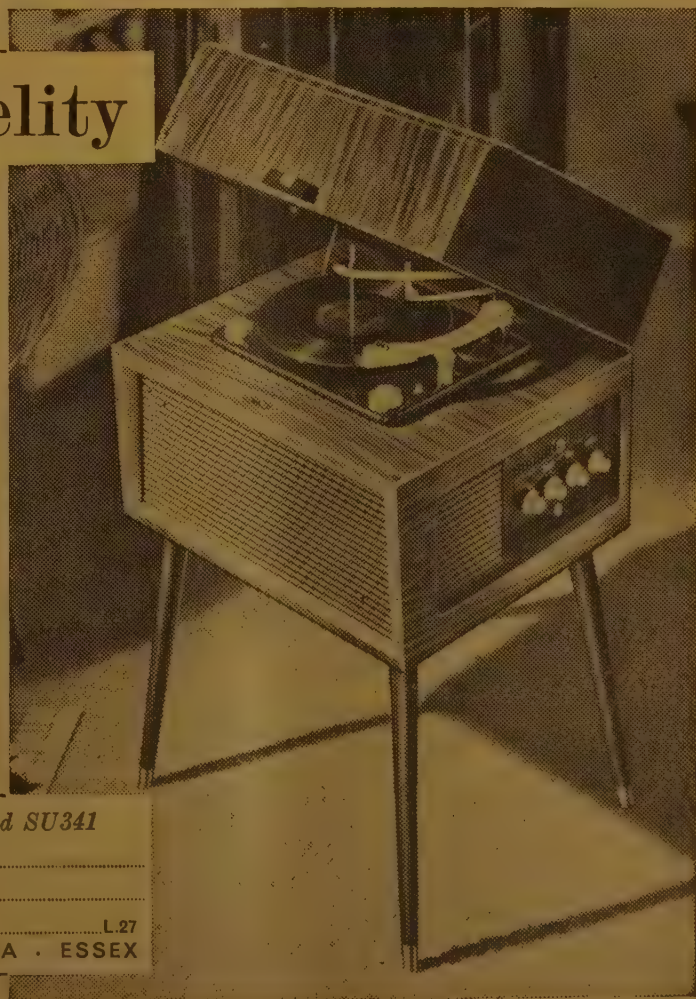
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local currency, were remembered in Egypt long after the event.

This is how, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the Mali political system struck that most enterprising of Arab travellers, Ibn Battuta:

The Negroes possess some admirable qualities. They are seldom unjust, and have a greater abhorrence of injustice than any other people. Their sultan shows no mercy to anyone who is guilty of the least act of it. There is complete security in their country. Neither traveller, nor inhabitant in it, has anything to fear from robbers or men of violence. They do not confiscate the property of any white man who dies in their country, even if it be uncounted wealth.

Such a judgment could hardly have been passed on contemporary France or England.

Let us take as our last point of reference the year 1513—the year of the battle of Flodden, when Henry VIII was the young king of England. What was the situation in the western Sudan at this time?

The kingdom of the Songhai people, with its capital at Gao on the middle Niger, which had been expanding during the previous century, was now at the height of its power. Its ruler was one of the ablest of the West African sovereigns, Askia the Great; a former general in the Songhai army, who in 1493 had overthrown the last ineffective representative of the dynasty that had governed for eight centuries, and taken over power in Gao. Under the Askia dynasty, which ruled Gao through the sixteenth century—coinciding roughly with the period of Tudor power in England—the greater part of the western Sudan was again united under a single government. Indeed, the empire of Gao at this time stretched a long way further north into the Sahara, including the vitally important salt mines on the frontiers of modern Algeria, than ever Mali had done. In the east, Askia the Great occupied the powerful caravan city of Agades, which controlled the main trade routes to Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt; and in our actual year, 1513, he invaded the Hausa states—including Kano, today the commercial centre of northern Nigeria—bringing them, for a time, within the Gao empire. But it was not so much in his military achievements that Askia's genius showed itself as in the efficient system of administration which he developed, with the support of the merchants and intelligentsia in the towns, as a means of unifying this extensive empire.

The influence of the intelligentsia in Askia's empire was a fact

which particularly impressed the contemporary traveller, Leo Africanus, who as a young man accompanied his uncle on a diplomatic mission from Morocco to the court of Askia. He said:

There are numerous judges, doctors and clerics in Timbuktu, all receiving good salaries from the king. He pays great respect to men of learning. There is a big demand for books in manuscript, imported from Barbary. More profit is made from the book trade than from any other line of business.

Timbuktu was undoubtedly the intellectual centre of Askia's empire. Its university provided courses in theology, Muslim law, rhetoric, grammar and literature, given by visiting lecturers from Cairo or Fez as well as by local scholars, and attended by students, 'young men eager for knowledge and virtue' as a writer of the day described them, from the whole West African region.

Ghana, Mali, Gao: what (one inevitably asks) were the causes of the break-up of these large, relatively centralised Negro empires, and the flourishing civilisations associated with them, after about the year 1600? Lack of natural frontiers—meaning exposure to attack from desert and forest? Poor communications? Excessive dependence on the trade in gold and slaves? The sharp contrast (which struck Leo Africanus) between the splendour of the royal courts and the poverty of the masses? To try to answer the question at all adequately would take us too far. But in the case of Gao one point is clear: the invasion of the empire in 1590 by Moroccan forces, armed with harquebus and cannon (they had succeeded in solving the problems of trans-Saharan transport), was the beginning of a time of troubles, in which the former equilibrium—between Negro and Arab, pagan and Muslim, settled and nomad, city and countryside—was destroyed. As a seventeenth-century Sudanese historian, who himself lived through the troubles he described, expressed it:

From that moment everything changed. Danger took the place of security; poverty of wealth. Peace gave way to distress, disasters, and violence.

Seventeenth-century African historians, preoccupied with the phenomena of disintegration and decline, naturally looked back to the period of the Askias as a golden age. For the present generation of West Africans, involved in the construction of new independent states, these Sudanese kingdoms of the past have acquired a new kind of importance, as a stimulus to future achievement.—*General Overseas Service*

'Blundering into Beauty'

JOHN ARLOTT on Victorian Staffordshire portrait figures

I FEEL rather like Molière's M. Jourdain when he suddenly discovered that for more than forty years he had been speaking prose without knowing it. I now know that I collect Staffordshire portrait figures of the Victorian age. That may not exactly trip off the tongue, but it is precise; and it creates limits within a field which has always seemed too big. To 'collect Staffordshire pottery' is possible, surely, only for a man with a fortune to spend, a mansion to house the collection, and a taste which we must call, at best, wide.

'Staffordshire figures' is not good enough. In my experience the average dealer has for years reacted by producing a figure by Wood, at a cash figure far beyond me. The explanation that I was looking for figures of actual people, like Cobden or Jenny Lind, used at one time to lead to a condescending 'Oh, Victorian?' and often the attempt to guide me towards more esteemed branches of Staffordshire.

That attitude has changed in the last few years. The fashion for Victoriana did something towards it, but not much; that tended to create a demand for the allegorical groups, the shepherds and shepherdesses, the sheep and the cats. But gradually—I would say, since about 1948—these named 'portrait' figures have become recognised as a specific and worth-while branch of collecting. Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Moody and

Sankey, General Havelock and Garibaldi have gradually disappeared from the little junk and secondhand shops and reappeared in the antique shops: at pounds where they used to be at shillings. As soon as I noticed that, it meant to me that people were collecting them, seriously; asking for them and buying them.

Now one of these collectors, Thomas Balston, has published *Staffordshire Portrait Figures of the Victorian Age**—which defines them within the reasonable collecting limits he has laid down for himself and lists nearly 500 models of 194 different subjects.

Mr. Balston's book turns the microscope on one single section within the branch of chimney ornaments. His initial date-limit is 1840, the year of the wedding of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, when Staffordshire figures of the royal couple were made to celebrate the occasion. He ends in 1902 with the disappointing figures of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Boer war generals, and the one just called 'Peace' which, in commemorating the end of the Boer war, marks also the final deterioration of an important facet of folk art. A considerable proportion of these portrait figures do in fact represent just that. Sir Herbert Read, in *Staffordshire Pottery Figures*, said of this period:

Somewhere about 1840-50 there appears a new group of figures which have a very decided quality of their own. These figures are full of unconscious artistry. The attempt to compete with porcelain



Left to right: two portrait figures of Jenny Lind in costumes she wore for 'La Figlia del Reggimento'; the Princess Royal, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria; Queen Victoria; Edward VII as Prince of Wales; Sir Robert Peel, and Louis Antoine Jullien, the French conductor and impresario

has been abandoned. They represent something free and independent in spirit and something which was not destined to survive for long against the ubiquity of counterfeit or industrial art. The potter who made the figure was himself a peasant with a simple mind and a simple sense of humour. But because of this simple sense he often strays unconsciously into a realm of purer forms. He blunders into beauty.

Yet we must not rush straight to that standard, because Mr. Balston begins chronologically with two series of figures which continued the imitation of porcelain: one from what he calls the Tallis factory, because it produced figures of Shakespearean actors based on the engravings in Tallis's *Shakespeare Gallery*; and the other from another works he cannot definitely name but which he calls Alpha. These were more elaborate figures than their successors. We must judge them as factory work, inheriting from the careful—might we say semi-sophisticated?—work of the Woods and, for instance, the elegant basalt figures of the Wedgwood factory. But soon the bulk of the production from factories—often, no doubt, little more than cottage or family kilns whose names can no longer be discovered—was of figures made from single, two-piece moulds; simple, solid figures a whole remove in technique and feeling from porcelain or even basalt.

Historically speaking, the royal marriage in 1840 sparked off the growth of these portrait figures into an important phase of popular art. After the royal bride and bridegroom came the pair with their first child, the Princess Royal; then with the Prince of Wales; and there was a little stream of pairs of the children, family groups, and both Queen and Consort on horseback. Mr. Balston lists 106 figures spread over nineteen different members of the royal family: the Queen first, with twenty-nine versions including those of Her Majesty with Albert, with Napoleon III, with the King of Sardinia and the Sultan of Turkey; but the net was spread as far as Princess Alice, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Prince Louis of Hesse.

The royal family began to wane after the death of Albert, if not in popularity at least in freshness of design; though those of Queen Victoria in all sizes persisted throughout the

century, ending with those of 'the Queen of England and Empress of India' which marked the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897.

There is, too, a long list of generals, largely from the Crimean war, but also from the Afghan war, the Indian mutiny, the Abyssinian war, the Sudan campaign and the Boer war. During the Crimean war, selection, design, manufacture and marketing had to be a rapid process, for the reputations of the commanders did not always endure long in the field and we may suspect that more than one general changed his name between his conception as a Staffordshire figure and his appearance for sale. In the same way, Napoleon III in 1854, when he was Britain's ally in the Crimea, was modelled clasping the hand of Prince Albert: six years later, at the time of the French invasion scare, the topical Staffordshire potters portrayed him cowering under the paw of a British lion.

With the breakaway from imitation of porcelain came three tendencies. The first was a breakaway also from the porcelain market, for the subjects chosen were genuinely popular ones which competed for working-class interest; then, technically, came the use of the unmistakable, rich, underglaze blue; and, later, the use of gilt decoration on paler—often almost entirely white—figures.

Mr. Balston has grouped the figures under the headings of: royal family, statesmen, naval and military, religious, authors, stage, sport, crime, and miscellaneous. The statesmen are, almost to a statesman, radicals, reformers, and revolutionaries. To be sure, Disraeli—Lord Beaconsfield—appears twice, but only as the other member of a pair with his great rival, Gladstone, who, for his part, features several times as a separate figure and in a pair with Mrs. Gladstone. Wellington is included as both a statesman and a legendary soldier of the past—but the others identified are Duncombe the Chartist, Lord Shaftesbury of the Ragged Schools, Peel and Cobden (celebrating the repeal of the Corn Laws), and a whole group of Irish nationalists and even active revolutionaries; O'Connell and Parnell, but also Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, and William Smith O'Brien. In religion the trend is entirely nonconformist: if the figure lettered Coulburn is meant to be



Top, Abraham Lincoln; left, Garibaldi; right, Colonel Peard, 'Garibaldi's Englishman'
Illustrations from 'Staffordshire Portrait Figures'

Dr. Goulburn he is the only Church of England cleric, but non-conformity has John Wesley, Huntington, Spurgeon, Gurney, Raffles, John Elias, Christmas Evans, right through to Moody and Sankey, the American revivalists, and General Booth whose bust—cast from a slip mould in the eighteen-nineties—marks the last great work in this kind.

The authors include Shakespeare and Milton—presumably out of deference to the past—and Byron, who was still remembered or written about as a romantic figure; but no Charles Dickens is to be found, popular as his work then was: no Browning, Tennyson, Wordsworth or Arnold. In fact, the only contemporary writers are the now forgotten poetesses, Letitia Landon and Eliza Cook.

The stage is well treated, with Kemble, Macready, Garrick, Jenny Lind in nine different versions, the Cushman sisters, James Hackett, Edward Sothorn, and from the circus world Van Amburgh the lion tamer, Ellen Bright the 'Lion Queen', and John Rarey the horse-tamer.

The section on crime establishes beyond all doubt the popular market for which the figures were intended and dates a number of figures about 1849 to 1856. It includes James Rush of Potash farm, who shot the Recorder of Norwich, and Emily Sandford whose evidence convicted him; William Palmer the Rugeley poisoner, and Frederick and Maria Manning the joint murderers. Mr. Balston includes also—and, as I think most collectors will agree, rightly—the models of Potash farm and Palmer's house which, probably because their squareness tended to save them from breaking, seem to have survived in relatively large numbers. Later criminals are the Tichborne claimant and the Australian bushranger Frank Gardiner—though he ought not perhaps to be included since the figure is identical with that of the earlier Dick Turpin, with only the name changed.

There are several instances of a model being put out under different names at different times: thus, the two Scots—Bruce and Wallace—are identical and, as Mr. Balston points

out, all the Victorian figures of Benjamin Franklin and George Washington differ only in size: the Washingtons are larger. Mr. Balston has done some valuable research on the manufacture of these figures and has succeeded in unearthing a trade price list of them dating from the early years of this century; but prices probably differed little over fifty or sixty years from 1850. It shows the ten-and-three-quarter-inch Hamlet at 12s. a dozen: the six-and-three-quarter-inch version at 7s. 6d.; the fifteen-inch Victor Emmanuel on horseback, 36s. a dozen; Gladstone, eleven inches, 10s.; the five-inch Wellington, 2s. 6d.—which would seem to indicate that retail prices ranged from 4d. to 8s. each.

These figures were designed by simple craftsmen from illustrations, engravings, or even other figures which happened to be on hand, and though at least two of the Gladstones and one Wellington are sensitively modelled, they are often poor likenesses, only to be identified where they are unnamed through someone somewhere stumbling upon the picture or model from which they were composed. Yet, with their vivid Thénard's blue, the gleaming black of some of the boots and of Dick Turpin's horse, and the dainty floral decorations so often used on the men's waistcoats, they have a place with the painted fair-ground horses and roundabouts, and at the same time with 'penny plain and twopence coloured', the murder broadsheet, the souvenir pictures. In their way they were the forerunners of the picture post-card.

Mr. Balston has done the collectors of these pieces a considerable service by publishing this book, which is at once history, criticism, and check-list. It may be that a few titles will be added to it over the years but I cannot believe that they will be many, and they can be incorporated into a subsequent edition or put into an appendix. For this must remain the standard book on the subject, particularly since it gives illustrations of 266 of the figures: a considerable assistance to collectors in the many cases where the figures bear no name—often because the name was printed on in gold and this has been worn away by years of washing.

—Network Three

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Production in the Age of Affluence

Sir,—As reported in THE LISTENER of September 25, Mr. Crosland says that Professor Galbraith in his new book, *The Affluent Society*, is 'the first writer to attempt a systematic economic analysis of such a society' and that his is therefore 'an important and original work'.

Should we not recall, as a fact, that the late Major C. H. Douglas began to say the same kind of things as Professor Galbraith way back in 1921 when he published his first book, *Economic Democracy*? I think he said them with far greater precision, clarity, courageous honesty, and mathematically objective analysis than Professor Galbraith. It would be interesting to know to what extent both he and Mr. Crosland have been influenced, either directly or indirectly, by the writings of Douglas.

Why this continuing pretence that Douglas never existed? Is the cause an emotional resistance lying deep down in the self-immolating puritan tradition which now conditions us all? For instance, why not come clean and call 'graduated unemployment compensation' the national dividend, or the fair sharing of the unearned increment of association created by our universal cultural inheritance? Why not admit that only the private income without strings and without false and needless debts and taxes can bring true personal liberty?

However, the ineluctable course of events is compelling us all to face the truth. That men like Galbraith and Crosland are now openly discussing economics in relation to moral philosophy is a significant pointer and it is encouraging to note that a growing number of thinkers are beginning to see that the basic moral issue facing humanity today lies between the proper evaluation of *work* and *leisure*. Yet those two words need much clearer definition

than they have so far generally received, even by Galbraith and Crosland. We must see that leisure is not laziness or unproductiveness but the reverse. Only a rare kind of saint can be contentedly lazy for any length of time. Leisure activity is merely work you, as an individual, choose freely to do. Work, on the other hand, is activity forced upon you either by Nature or by other men. Natural work grows less and less necessary day by day as technology advances. Man-enforced work is both unnecessary and degrading at any time. Leisure, one could say, is merely another word for personal, creative freedom.

Though Douglas clarified the truth about the current situation, many men have held his philosophy of leisure—probably since human culture began. If they had not, we should have had no poetry and no arts of any kind—and no technological advances either. We should still be forest animals. I mean men like Socrates, Cicero, Hobbes, Shakespeare, and, in our own epoch, Richard Jefferies, William Morris, Disraeli, Bertrand Russell, and Erich Fromm. All these have praised leisure.

'Leisure', wrote Hobbes, 'is the mother of philosophy'. And how badly we need philosophy now—that is philosophy defined in Santayana's way as 'a declaration of policy in the presence of the facts'.

And here is William Morris's admirably simple and succinct declaration of policy on this all-important matter:

I suppose that this is what is likely to happen: that machinery will go on developing with the purpose of saving men labour, till the mass of the people attain real leisure enough to be able to appreciate the pleasure of life; till, in fact, they have attained such mastery over Nature that they no longer fear starvation as a penalty for not working more than enough. When they get to that point they will doubtless turn themselves and begin to find out what it is they really want to do. They will soon find out

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BURKE * LONDON



... delegates from Western Nigeria photographed on their arrival at Tilbury are the Orodje of Okpe, the Ewi of Ado-Ekiti, and Chief I. I. Morphy at a year's suspension, at Lancaster House, London, last Monday. Left to



FOR RACIAL INTEGRATION OF
ALL SCHOOLS WITHIN THE LITTLE
ROCK SCHOOL DISTRICT---

Governor Faubus of Arkansas explaining in a television broadcast last week the form of the young slip for the referendum held at Little Rock on September 27 on the question of racial integration of its public schools. The result was heavily in favour of the Governor's plan to reopen the schools as 'private' institutions admitting only white pupils. On September 29 a Federal Court issued an order forbidding this pending a fuller hearing of the case



A wrecked British field car lying on the roadside in Nicosia, Cyprus, after being blown up by a landmine on September 26. The car was escorting the staff car of Major-General Douglas Kendrew, Director of Anti-Terrorist Operations, who had a narrow escape. The three soldiers in the car were seriously injured (one has since died)



Part of a mosaic floor in the remains of a Christian monastery, believed to date from the sixth century, recently discovered in the Negev desert, southern Israel

NEWS DIARY

September 24-30

Wednesday, September 24

The Government announces plans for training 12,000 more teachers in the next four years

Ten people reported killed in street fighting in Beirut, Lebanon

Commonwealth trade conference in Montreal agrees on plan for building a telephone cable round the world

Thursday, September 25

The Prime Minister has discussion with a deputation from the T.U.C. on the situation in the Far East

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, addressing General Assembly of the United Nations, says that Britain supported the United States in its wish for a peaceful settlement of the dispute over Formosa

Men from an Icelandic gunboat board a British trawler off west coast of Iceland

Friday, September 26

National executive committee of the Labour Party calls on Government to suspend its plan for Cyprus

The Army seizes control of main towns and communications in Burma

The U.S. retains the America's Cup, by beating the British Royal Yacht Squadron's 'Sceptre' in fourth successive race

Saturday, September 27

Archbishop Makarios presents his plan for an independent Cyprus to British Government

Over 300 people killed in Japan by worst typhoon for twenty-five years

Major-General Wilton Persons is appointed to succeed Mr. Sherman Adams as President Eisenhower's Chief Assistant

Little Rock, Arkansas, votes against racial integration in schools

Sunday, September 28

Result of referendum shows vote in Metropolitan France of about 4 to 1 in favour of proposed new constitution

M. Spaak, Secretary-General of Nato, proposes a conference on Cyprus, to be attended by representatives of Britain, Greece and Turkey

Monday, September 29

Labour Party Conference opens at Scarborough. Resolution demanding abolition of fee-paying schools defeated by small majority

Permanent Council of Nato meets in Paris to discuss Cyprus

Nigerian constitutional conference is resumed in London

Tuesday, September 30

Secretary-General of United Nations reports that Britain will begin withdrawal of her troops from Jordan next month under certain conditions

Greek Prime Minister says Greece will refuse to attend any conference if Britain proceeds with Cyprus plan

Labour Party votes against a policy of land nationalization



An armed policeman on duty outside a police station in Paris protected by a bullet-proof shield against a possible attack by Algerian terrorists. The eve of the referendum in France last weekend was accompanied by a fresh wave of violence in many parts of the country



A bronze statue of the Queen by the Nigerian sculptor, Ben Enwonwu, which is on view for a month at the Tate Gallery, London, to commemorate Her Majesty's tour of the colony in 1956



President René Coty casting his vote in Paris during the referendum held in France and her overseas territories last weekend on General de Gaulle's proposals for a new constitution
Right: a Muslim woman voting in a mountain village in Algeria. It was the first time that women had been allowed to vote. The result showed a large majority in favour of the constitution

that the less work they did (the less work unaccompanied by art, I mean) the more desirable a dwelling-place the earth would be.

Yours, etc.,

ERIC DE MARÉ

London, W.11

Sir,—Part of Mr. Crosland's very interesting talk (The

Listener, September 25) seemed to consist of recommendations

for a redistribution of resources in the affluent society in favour

of town-planning, education, grand opera, etc., and leisure at the

expense of at least part of the increase in the production of

consumer goods. Such a redistribution of resources would, as he

recognises, entail a slowing down of the rate of growth of the

national product, which is so much more sensitive to the efforts

of manufacturers than to those of administrators and prima

donnas. It would not, however, make an urgent concern for

productivity and efficiency any the less vital.

The affluent society, according to Mr. Crosland, unless I mis-

represent him, can afford to relax a bit; not to work so enthusias-

tically, compete as vigorously, innovate as hectically, as in its

younger days. This is a dangerously soporific doctrine. Fortunately

the only existing affluent society shows no sign of succumbing

to it; and we can be grateful that the United States continues

to 'fuss' about productivity.

Personally, I sympathise with Mr. Crosland's proposals for the

distribution of the eggs; but I am alarmed by his apparent lack

of concern about the future productivity of the goose.

Yours, etc.,

JEREMY ROWE

Orpington

A Great New Russian Novel

Sir,—I refrained from reading reviews of *Dr. Zhivago* before

reading the novel: having completed that task the first criticism

to come to my notice is that of Mr. Wall, in THE LISTENER of

September 11, with whom I wish to dispute one or two points.

My main issue with Mr. Wall lies in his third sentence: 'As a

literary work it may well come to rank with *War and Peace*'. It

seems to me that this is not likely. It appears to me rather that

Dr. Zhivago is a sketch for a great novel; that we are presented

with a string of precious stones some of which are beautifully

polished (for example chapter ten, 'The Highway', is a very fine

bucolic interlude) while others have been left rough. Mr. Wall

points to Pasternak's attention to detail, but this attention is not

consistently applied: ideas are not always fully worked out nor

are personal relationships always adequately clarified.

Let me illustrate this sense of incompleteness by considering

the character of Pasha Antipov. We meet him on page 41,

and from there until he goes to the front on page 106 we are told

a great deal about him. Yet we are either told too much or too

little. On page 55: 'It was not until several years later . . .

that she [Lara] was to take his malleable, easy-going character

seriously in hand'. We never discover what changes she brought

about by her conscious effort. 'For the sake of this girl', he says

(page 413), 'I studied and became a schoolmaster'. Did she will

this? Also, when he returns as Stepanikoff (on page 226 after an

absence of 120 pages) he is no longer malleable and easy-going.

When and how did the change take place? There is some mention

of it on page 226, and he says a few words in his final conversation

with Yury (page 413) which lead me to suspect that the meta-

morphosis took place on his wedding night (page 95) after

Lara has told him about her sordid past. Yet it is never made

clear.

Similar remarks can be made about several of the other charac-

ters and I want to suggest that these loose ends and the gaps in

the development of character are basic weaknesses of form which

keep *Dr. Zhivago* on a lower level of literary achievement than

either of Tolstoy's great novels.

Birmingham, 15

Yours, etc.,

D. M. G. WISHART

Can a Machine Create Art?

Sir,—Mr. Dawe's interesting letter (THE LISTENER, September

25) requires some comment. He may well be right in thinking

the terms of reference I adopted in talking of art are too narrow.

Winchester

Yours, etc.,

R. L. G. IRVING

Yours, etc.,
F. H. GEORGE

Bristol, 8

Sir John Hunt in the Caucasus

Sir,—In the recent broadcast on this expedition, it was very

interesting to hear how Russian mountaineering has developed

lately. To me it was regrettable and not surprising. Shortly before

the war a young climbing friend of mine went out to the Caucasus

with a couple of Scottish friends—I think, in 1937 or 1938. They

saw a great number of young Russians in camps there, finding

them most friendly and enthusiastic, for mountaineering was only

just becoming a popular activity. What particularly struck them

was the competitive spirit in which they climbed and the method-

ical way they seemed to emulate the German-speaking parties

which were almost the only western Europeans to climb there

between the wars. If my friend's party expressed an intention of

doing some climb, they were all agog to get away and do it first,

though it might not be a real first ascent.

These Russians of the post-war age have missed the traditions

and adventurous character of the days of simple equipment and

no grading of climbs. The developments described by Sir John

Hunt have been just those one would expect under a totalitarian

régime. Fancy not being able to climb what you wanted, where

you wanted, and with or without anyone you preferred! Mount-

aineering is a particularly individualistic sport as regards the

satisfaction it brings. To an old-fashioned mountaineer the attitude

of Russians to the sport brought the conviction of how good it

was to have been able to climb a peak without any sort of regret

that it had been climbed before, to be quite ignorant of its

grading, to have totally different but equally treasured memories

of a first, a second, a fourth, and a seventh of several ascents of

a great mountain that have been a life annuity of pleasure. Will

any Russians have the same? There could not have been a better

man than Sir John Hunt to communicate the spirit of British

mountaineering and the comradeship it can create.

Yours, etc.,

R. L. G. IRVING

Winchester

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Autumn Books

'Poor Fanny'

Nelson's Letters to his Wife and other documents, 1795-1837. Edited by George P. B. Naish. Navy Records Society in conjunction with Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.

Reviewed by CAROLA OMAN

THERE have always been a certain number of well-known historical figures, predominantly female, who seem to cast a baleful spell even upon serious historians, causing them to lay reason aside. Mary, Queen of Scots, and Cleopatra provide classic examples. Marie-Antoinette is a good third. Emma, Lady Hamilton has never quitted her niche. Was she glorious, as Nelson repeatedly declared and as Romney's pictures confirmed, or was she, as many of his well-wishers certainly feared, his bane? Was his wife, 'Poor Fanny', a curious foreshadowing of Jane Austen's least liked heroine, Fanny Price, a creep-mouse type, totally inadequate, and long overdue for neglect?

The editor of *Nelson's Letters to his Wife and other documents* has achieved almost Olympian detachment. He tells the story of Nelson's marriage in seven chapters of letters, with the minimum of introductory comment. The protagonists can be judged out of their own mouths, for, as the modest sub-title hardly indicates, there are here not only Nelson's letters to his wife but her replies, brought together for the first time and never before published in full, and a most illuminating background of letters from other members of his family and circle. The documents include such fascinating details as Nelson's sketch for his first epaulettes, his journals of the sieges of Bastia and Calvi, his bill for having his arm off, and Lady Nelson's bill for widow's mourning.

This valuable addition to Nelsoniana is the hundredth volume published by the Navy Records Society. It is the first in the series that has been entirely devoted to Nelson. It appears, appropriately, in September 1958, the two-hundredth anniversary of the Admiral's birth. It has been designed for the interest and use of the historian. Another edition, using the same type, but with more illustrations, is for the general reader.

The story opens with a quite usual situation. Nelson is a frigate captain in the West Indies, twenty-seven, and wanting to get married. Mrs. Nisbet, the niece who acts as hostess for the wealthy Governor of Nevis, is an attractive widow, a few months his senior, with a beautiful spirited little son, Josiah, 'Jiah'. After a courtship lasting over two years they are married, with Prince William, afterwards William IV, giving away the bride. 'She is a pretty and sensible woman and may have a great deal of money if her uncle, Mr. Herbert, thinks proper. Poor Nelson is over head and ears in love'. Nelson's thirty-odd letters during his courtship are, like most of his letters to his wife, only really interesting when he speaks of professional matters, but they have an early morning charm and delicacy. He destroyed her replies to this set before he went into action at Teneriffe, but from internal evidence it would seem that at this period he was far more in love than she. Indeed, he was only allowed to profess love 'founded on esteem, the only foundation that can make love last'.

His 'dearest Fanny' was 'kind and affectionate', and she continued to be so during the two most difficult phases of his early career, when he was out of employment for nearly six years on their return to England after their marriage, and for four months after he had lost his arm. Her uncle did not think it

proper to make her his heiress; her beloved Josiah began to show signs of 'a warm disposition'; she found the life of a sailor's wife hard; she began to suffer much from ill-health, but never bore Nelson a child. Her letters to Nelson while he was in the *Agamemnon* gaining nothing but 'honour and salt beef' are depressing. 'My eyes are very weak, my hearing at times is very indifferent, which makes me think it is at some times a little nervous, and I shall be better when I hear from you'. Her congratulations on his being promoted Admiral show that she was not a helpful service wife. 'You have been most wonderfully protected. You have done desperate actions enough. Now may I, indeed I do beg, that you never board again. Leave it for Captains'.

Yet, though Nelson may have realised that his marriage was not what he had hoped, there is no sign that he thought of being permanently unfaithful to her until he returned to Naples and Lady Hamilton after the battle of the Nile. And, even then, the struggle between love and duty lasted far longer than most people realised—eighteen months. He sent 123 letters home between 1793-1797, about half of which have been printed in part only, by Sir Harris Nicolas. The originals are now in the Nelson Museum, Monmouth. Between 1798-1800 he sent only forty. 'The wonderful change past belief' had set in. Sympathy for Nelson's wife wanes during the years when her husband was winning fame and she deluged him with complaints of his family and her cough and her economies, but it must wax when Lady Hamilton arrives in England, determined to reign supreme. And no letter of Fanny, telling tales of Nelson's young nieces and brothers-in-law, is as sordid and mischievous as a letter of Lady Hamilton to Nelson's sister-in-law, now produced for the first time from the Bridport papers, and breathing envy, hatred and malice against Nelson's wife. He ended by being brought to believe that 'that person' had

'a most unfeeling heart', and there is a dreadful look to this day about the last letter ever addressed to Nelson by his wife. It is endorsed by his agent Davison 'Opened by mistake by Lord Nelson, but not read'. It is achieved in the most delicate Italian hand. 'Do, my dear husband, let us live together. I can never be happy till such an event takes place. I assure you again I have but one wish in the world, to please you. Let everything be buried in oblivion, it will pass away like a dream'.

The end of the story has a Victorian flavour. It is eminently a moral tale. Nelson died, in the hour of his greatest victory, to be regarded with a singular affection by the British peoples. But he died tormented by doubts as to the future of Lady Hamilton and their child. 'Never forget Horatia'. His fears were well justified. Lady Hamilton ended wretchedly, in exile, deserted by fair-weather friends, enormous, intemperate. Horatia was planning to leave her. But Nelson's wife died full of years and highly respected. The very generous allowance made to her by her husband—half his income—had enabled her to be miserable in comfort. Josiah's widow produced a tombstone gratefully recording 'a kind mother-in-law'.

The editor of this volume concludes: 'The final separation between Lord and Lady Nelson in 1801 was mainly due to his



Miniature portrait in water-colour of Lady Nelson in 1798, when she was about forty, by Daniel Orme

From 'Nelson's Letters to his Wife'

infatuation for Lady Hamilton, but contributory causes were his dissatisfaction with her son's conduct as a naval officer and her own lack of appreciation of his services to his country'. It might be added that she failed to bring Nelson a child, and that she was totally humourless. Amongst the new material provided is a sketch of Lady Nelson, by Daniel Orme, far superior to the two generally offered in biographies of her husband. It is attractive, and evidently a good likeness. It is rather dim. Mr. Naish mentions 'The editing has taken much time and trouble'. It was worth it.

Is Disengagement Possible?

Disengagement in Europe. By Michael Howard.
Penguin Books. 2s. 6d.

IT IS WELL that the hopeful and sometimes visionary schemes for the reduction of tension by military withdrawal in Europe, currently described by the vogue-word 'disengagement', have at last been subjected to the close and systematic analysis of cool and instructed minds.

In this short and cogently argued book Mr. Michael Howard, Lecturer in War Studies at King's College, London, reports the results of an examination of these proposals carried out by a study group presided over by the former Labour Secretary of State for War, Mr. F. J. Bellenger, M.P. The other participants were a Conservative M.P., a general, an air-marshal, two commentators on military affairs and an expert on the Soviet armed forces. Readers of *THE LISTENER* need no introduction to the luminous quality of Mr. Howard's writing. Thanks to this, he has been able to give to a joint report the virtues of an individual study.

The report confines itself to measures for the total withdrawal of Russian and Nato forces from a belt in the middle of Europe. It does not deal with disarmament or with such projects as the Rapacki plan for a nuclear-free zone. The various schemes which have been propounded are subjected to the sharpest scrutiny from the military and the political points of view, against the background of Nato capabilities and probable Russian intentions, and in the light of the possibility of nuclear warfare: schemes for withdrawal from a unified Germany alone, neutralized or moderately armed; withdrawal from Germany and from countries in Eastern Europe such as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary; and withdrawal of all foreign troops and bases from European soil, the Russians, British, and Americans retiring to their own frontiers. This review has been conducted with fairmindedness, perspicacity, and a commendable sense of realities.

The committee devote most attention to the proposals for a central zone, either armed or disarmed, except for internal security forces, covering Germany and Eastern Europe; and rightly so, because such proposals have more merit than the others, and because one variant of them has behind it the authority of the Leader of the Opposition and other prominent members of the Labour Party. As to the disarmed central zone they say: 'If the Russians . . . attack with conventional forces, professing purely limited objectives—to separate the combatants, perhaps, in a German-Polish frontier skirmish . . .—the absence of friendly forces on the ground would become a matter of tragic significance. The decision to retaliate with nuclear air power would be an agonizing and probably a slow one to take, and before it was taken the aggressors might well have achieved their object, professed their absence of further ambitions, and challenged the West to commit suicide in getting them out' (page 59). And they conclude that 'the military disadvantages to the West of a disarmed zone in Central Europe . . . seem overwhelming' (page 62).

As regards a central zone armed with conventional forces, the proposal favoured by Mr. Gaitskill, the committee think that it would have many military advantages over the present situation, though the relationship between Germany and the Eastern European states would be troublesome, not to speak of the disruptive effect within Nato itself. But the crux, here as in other cases, would be the political difficulty about the Polish-German frontier

and the reunification of Germany: 'All the Russian proposals for reunification . . . contain provisions to safeguard the institutions of the communist regime in East Germany . . . Russia will not withdraw her forces without some assurance that the communist regime will survive; but the only possible assurance is the presence of those forces. Until this contradiction is resolved both reunification and disengagement remain questions purely for academic speculation' (page 72).

In the last few pages of the book a good deal of political wisdom is packed into a small space. The conclusion of it all is that the objections to disengagement are as much political as military; that disengagement, even if agreed upon, would not of itself do much to ease the political tensions of Europe; that the Iron Curtain is the result of the world's *malaise* and not its cause; that the military tension between the two blocs arises not from any local European friction but from a basic conflict of ideologies; that peace lies in a willingness to rely on time and goodwill to soften the sharp edges of political problems; that measures of disarmament which do not disturb the political *status quo* may offer a surer if less spectacular means of reducing tension than would disengagement of any kind in Europe; that to think otherwise is to attach exaggerated importance to the European sub-continent in the dangerously troubled world of today; that only a world-wide *détente* or a general agreement on nuclear disarmament could make disengagement in Europe a practical possibility; and that 'meanwhile we must accept the situation as it stands, hope for better days, and not be afraid of change when those days come' (page 92).

The case for disengagement in Europe, as an imagined panacea or 'open sesame' or short-cut to peace, does not stand up well to examination.

STRANG

Landscape without Figures

East to West: a Journey Round the World
By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. 21s.

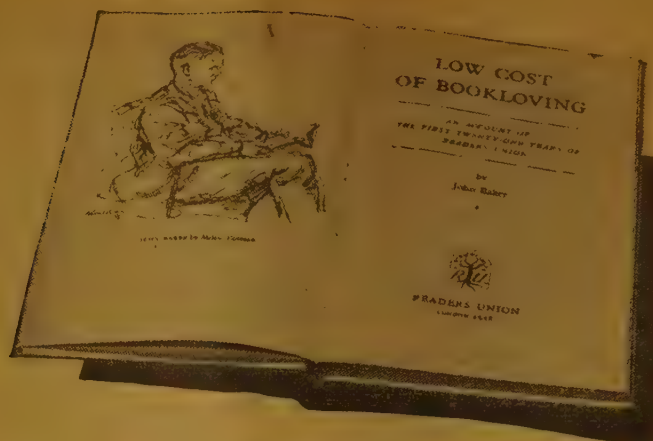
BETWEEN FEBRUARY 1956 and August 1957, Dr. Toynbee, accompanied by his wife, travelled round the world. The seventy-three articles which in the course of a strenuous journey he found time to write for *The Observer* are here collected in a book.

The result is rather like a magic lantern lecture, except that, since the slides are not linked by a commentary, there is no sense of continuity. South America, New Zealand, Australia, Indonesia, Vietnam, Manila, 'A Glimpse of Thailand', 'A Glimpse of Burma'—Dr. Toynbee forges his way steadily round our planet, now glancing back into the history of the territories traversed, now pausing to describe in detail some interesting monument, but never (it would seem) meeting a fellow human being. We are aware from time to time of spectral anonymous figures who appear briefly in the foreground to ask a question, to show a kindness, or to start a train of thought; but who they were, or what they looked like, or what the author thought of them, we are not told. It is a strangely empty landscape through which Dr. Toynbee conducts us, and this, I think, is a failing in the book; if history is about chaps, so to a large extent are travellers' tales. Let Dr. Toynbee, if he must, talk to geographical features ('Rivers of India, you haunt my memory. Holy Ganges, do you remember, I saw you first, as is, indeed, meet and right'); let him address supernatural beings ('Hail, goddess of the drought, thrice hail'); but could he not, just once in a way, get into conversation with an air hostess or a taxi-driver?

Dr. Toynbee is a self-effacing, uncomplaining traveller, whose urbane style has an agreeably old-world flavour. Sentences like 'I have still to see that lofty homeland of the potato and the llama' and 'Quito itself, of course, is not like Sedbergh at all' belong to a solid, morocco-bound tradition: though 'the desert has pounced, but fortunately just too late to work its wicked will' is perhaps a slightly over-dramatic way of describing a breakdown in the streets of Lima caused by dust getting into the engine after a long cross-country drive.

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writes Joyce Emerson
in the *Sunday Times*,
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The reader may tire, after a time, of Dr. Toynbee's habit of asking questions. Some are unanswerable, some not. In the first category come questions dealing with the future or with unknown sectors of the past; the second category are addressed either to the reader or to the author himself. 'Can we', writes Dr. Toynbee while motoring near Aqaba, 'have taken a wrong turning and swerved off into boundless Arabia?' The reader is tempted to answer: 'Don't be silly, Dr. Toynbee. You know perfectly well that no such thing has, or can have, occurred'. Again, after an admirable description of the great Buddhist shrine of Borobudur near Jogjakarta, he writes: 'How am I to convey this ineffable poetry to your mind's eye?' The over-catechized reader might be forgiven for replying: 'Well, it's really your business, not mine. But you could begin by showing us a photograph of the place. There might then be some point in asking us, lower down the page: "Do you challenge my adoration of Borobudur? Do you tell me that its rhythm is ultra-baroque?"'

Dr. Toynbee faced a task of whose difficulties he was perhaps not fully aware. To describe in a very long series of very short articles a number of far-away places is not an easy thing to do. The task is made harder if you dispense altogether with illustrations; if, while keeping your own personality in the background, you replace it in the foreground with no other form of human interest, and if you suppress all reference to the incidental humours and exasperations of your journey. The writer who imposes on himself these disciplines can hardly hope continuously to engage the reader's interest, and although many of Dr. Toynbee's slides are very good of their kind, the lecture as a whole does not come off.

PETER FLEMING

Bringing the Bard to Book

The London Shakespeare. Edited by John Munro.

Introduction by G. W. G. Wickham. 6 vols.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. £7. 7s.

'TOO MUCH SHAKESPEARE' is the current cry of drama critics, who think one stage among forty in London and one in the provinces too many for our greatest plays and dread what would happen to our short supply of stars of ever we built a National Theatre. It might more reasonably be taken up by the least philistine reader, who can hardly pick up a literary review without finding several leading publishers trying to induce him to buy yet more editions and commentaries on an author who has always managed to make himself tolerably understood on the stage, and whose text, says the general introduction to the new London edition, was 'virtually completed' but for 'minor emendation' by Capell's edition 190 years ago. Is not much of this book-making on the Bard another branch of the Shakespeare industry, with nicely graded appeal to grammar-school grindlings on the one hand and boxed-book fanciers on the other?

Are these six handsome volumes too expensive for yet another Shakespeare? The price is only shillings more than that of a single play in the New Variorum edition, one which Mr. Michael Redgrave always has by him when preparing a part and during rehearsals. Are the notes the sort of thing one wants in a luxury edition? Perhaps all those compact references at the foot of the page, which look as appetising to the general reader as sections of the telephone directory printed in paragraphs, are vitamin capsules of chapter for verse to insatiable scholars and profound performers. But if the armchair reader or stalls sitter, turning the first page of text, finds that Epidamnus is to be preferred to Ff Epidamium because 'Epidamnus' is the spelling of the 1595 translation of Plautus, corresponding to his spelling of *Epidamnus*, (modern Durazzo) he may not give a damn. He might even question whether, except for scholars, who are gluttons for professional punishment, this sort of conning is not as bad as the clowning which, as Hamlet said, distracted barren spectators when 'some necessary question of the play be then to be considered', showing a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Such objection might have had more sympathy from Shake-

speare than it would get from his annotators. But the poet might have spoken up for handsome print as he might have spoken up for a superb scene, could he have had one, instead of an unworthy scaffold. In double-column deformities deriving from the Folio, through the minuscules of the old Globe edition to the ugliness of a modern one in which *The. weds Hip.* in bold-type lines that have to be doubled, the tripping measures have been tripped up for too many readers. Shakespeare has been our bible in the worst bibliographical sense of the word. The London edition lets the first eight lines of 'To be, or not to be' ride on a flood tide of forty lines of packed prose notes, but most of its pages are spacious and elegant enough to set the verse rhythms moving freely before the eye, inset below the speaker's name set out in full. (Half-lines and prose speeches begin on the same line as the speaker's name.)

The notes, when once the plunge is taken, and the short introductions, are at least a valuable digest of matters textual and critical, carried through with lucidity, precision and comprehensiveness that do credit to the industry of the late John Munro (once a colleague of Dr. Furnivall's) in the few years between his retirement as traffic manager in London of Cable and Wireless communications and his death in 1956. As usual, it is all study and no stage. To compare Macbeth to Sigismondo Malatesta is stimulating; to refer us to Burckhardt's *Renaissance* and not to de Montherlant's play misses a more stimulating theatrical comparison.

Dr. Glynne Wickham's general introduction incautiously celebrates the 'restoration of contact between . . . scholars and men-of-the-theatre . . . the happy context in which this edition is published'. His non-u spelling of Sir Laurence Olivier's name is not a happy instance of it; and as he then mis-spells Mr. Helpmann's and Mr. Monck's and deprives Granville-Barker of his hyphen it seems unlikely that the printer is to blame. Otherwise Dr. Wickham's summary is swift and sensible. The first page of his preface reminds us that the City Library at Birmingham keeps a record of every production of a Shakespeare play in all countries. It may be a good many years before highly selected siftings from such sources find a place in the interpretative notes to a major edition of Shakespeare, but it may be a happier context when they do.

ROY WALKER

Pleasures of Plutocracy

Edwardian Promenade. By James Laver.

Hulton Press. 30s.

FOUR YEARS AGO Mr. Laver published his *Victorian Vista*, a lively and discriminating miscellany of Victorian utterances and illustrations, skilfully arranged and pointed with a running commentary. In the course of it he remarked that the Victorian age lasted, in all essentials, until 1914. The phase of English life with which his new miscellany is concerned, and which is bounded by the death of Queen Victoria in January 1901, and the outbreak of the first world war in August 1914, is accordingly one in which the social, economic, and political foundations of the later nineteenth century were still believed, except by the sceptical and far-seeing, to be unshaken.

It is one of Mr. Laver's virtues that he does not moralise but attempts to show what he calls 'the surface-pattern of an epoch, in the hope and belief that such a pattern will suggest the depths'. It certainly suggests, and rightly, the shallows—the extravagance and ostentation of the rich, the stupid elaboration of social etiquette, the poverty of imagination: but these things are much more entertaining to read about than the levelled-out life of a welfare state overhung by perpetual anxiety. Plutocracy, said an anonymous writer in 1904, was to be found reigning supreme over all other social forces, such as rank, beauty, and wit; and Sir Osbert Sitwell has a phrase, which Mr. Laver suitably quotes, about 'the idealisation of Mammon'. Plutocracy made possible the Mrs. Lydig of whom Mr. Cecil Beaton has written, and who is rightly resurrected here—Mrs. Lydig, who wore a dressing-gown of eleventh-century lace, and some of

whose 300 pairs of shoes were made of twelfth-century velvet, and who collected violins solely that their thin, light wood might be used for her shoe-trees. It made possible those hostesses who maintained a huge staff of servants, who would spend more on a single meal than the annual wages of one of those servants, and who were warned that a doctor should never be invited to lunch or dinner and that no one engaged in the arts, no matter how well connected, could be asked to their houses at all. Quotations and case-histories from Jack London's *The People of the Abyss* exhibit the ugly underside of the great world of money and pleasure.

Mr. Laver is particularly good on the fantasies of fashion, a subject on which he speaks with authority. In his belief that we can

Seek rather for the Spirit of the Age
In flounce, or frill, or fragment of a fan

than in 'the historian's crowded page', he can seize on recorded glimpses as good as this (from *The Queen* in 1909):

I saw one woman wearing a violet tailor-made, well cut and graceful, with a light green straw pudding basin, the largest size. Into this she had thrust her head as far as it would go, and round the edge she had wound a wreath of small roses of the brightest and most varied shades she could find.

Or this, of 1902:

Lady cyclists are or used to be a great danger, for when a motor was heard approaching them from behind, they usually fell off their bicycles, apparently in terror.

They were not far wrong; perhaps their womanly instinct warned them what 'motors' might lead to. Mr. Laver's excellent pages on motoring and aviation prompt the reflection that the construction of the first aeroplanes was of much less importance than the invention of the internal combustion engine, which made it possible for them to fly. The world of the Gaiety and the Empire, the Suffragettes, the Post-Impressionist exhibition, and the 'rumblings of change' (with apposite extracts from *Tono-Bungay* and Seeborn Rowntree) lead in due course to Mr. Selfridge remarking, at the end of July 1914, that he did not think the Germans would care to go to war. 'They can't stand it financially', he said, 'they wouldn't last till Christmas'. Perhaps the trouble with hard-headed business-men is that their heads may become a shade too hard.

Though it is noted that clergy of all denominations denounced that shocking innovation of 1914, the open-necked 'pneumonia blouse', Mr. Laver has found no space to indicate what a large part religion played in the Edwardian times. Church going and even family prayers were still on a Victorian scale, and it would have been interesting to have some examples both of the life-denying and life-enhancing tendencies of Edwardian Christianity. Inevitably perhaps in a book of this kind, metropolitan freaks of fashion, sensational behaviour, and important innovations must have precedence; and country life, or town life as lived by the middle classes, must be put aside in order to exhibit the follies and pleasures of the rich, the recoil from new ideas or simple facts, and the miseries of the poor.

Those of us who are approximately of Mr. Laver's generation can remember having enjoyed some of the advantages of the propertied classes of Edwardian England are not ashamed of finding it as hard as he does 'to resist a certain nostalgia for a

period when at least some people took it for granted that the world was a pleasant place to live in'. In this book he has caught so much of the Edwardian creation and enjoyment of pleasure that the shallow materialism, triviality, ostentation, and vulgarity of the period must be left to be condemned by those prigs, if any, who think the present time more free of such things.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Tudor People

The Last Tudor King. A Study of Edward VI

By Hester W. Chapman. Cape. 28s.

Star Chamber Stories. By G. R. Elton. Methuen. 21s.

UNTIL I READ Miss Chapman's biography I should hardly have thought that there was room for a full-length book about the boy-king, Edward VI—that everything that could usefully be said about him had been said by the historians. But Miss Chapman makes out her case by a skilfully written, sensitive and wholly sympathetic account of the boy who would have been important if he had lived to rule.

The might-have-beens of history, always amusing, are rather more to the point in the case of this young Tudor. Suppose he had lived and married Mary Stuart—the object of Henry VIII's policy in its last phase and Edward's own expressed wish—what a lot of trouble that might have saved, including the rather discreditable episode of Stuart rule. On the other hand, there would have been no reign of Elizabeth I, and we have enough indication from the young Edward's personality to see that he would not have been so successful a ruler as she was. For intelligent and conscientious as he was, greatly imbued with the sense of his duty and the desire to be a good ruler, he was already much more rigid in his nature and sympathies. That would have divided the country more, at a time when the Elizabethan unity was the prime condition of success. Besides, Elizabeth was more in touch with so many sides of her people's activities, and had a nature more subtle, ambivalent, iridescent.

Miss Chapman's strength lies in her sensitive presentation of these Tudor people, especially of Edward as child and youth. As against the sickly, cold-hearted, priggish and precocious prince of imperceptive historians, she sees the boy much more as he was, I am sure. She sees the affectionate nature through the memories of those who loved him: his playmate Jane Dormer, later Duchess of Feria; his boy-friends, Barnaby Fitzpatrick and Henry Sidney, who shared his interests and sports and of whom he was fond.

Miss Chapman does well to bring out the gaiety and liveliness, the good spirits and enjoyments of his short life, until the dismal last year of illness and despair.

The Tudor period being new ground for her, she has less grasp of the historical situation and of the forces at work than of the people. Even here the true contrast between Somerset and Northumberland does not properly emerge, and she is too favourable to the one, too unfavourable to the other. Somerset was really a doctrinaire with illusions about the people; his govern-



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JONATHAN CAPE

ment, a combination of personal arrogance with ineffective liberal tendencies, came an almighty crash. Someone had to govern; the only other possibility was Northumberland: he was an opportunist of no convictions, who made no difficulty about swimming with the tide. Nor was he as bad a man as everybody makes out: merely a *faux-bonhomme* of considerable ability. However, one can forgive a number of mistakes for Miss Chapman's tart summing-up of that Edwardian figure, John Knox. 'The Scottish preacher's self-righteousness heightened his perception of others' sins; and his monumental conceit enhanced his delight in public discourtesy'. Nothing marks us off from the Victorians more than their indiscriminating admiration for Knox: how charming R. L. S. could find him sympathetic passes comprehension.

Mr. Elton's is just the kind of work I most look forward to: no *réchauffé* of what one knows so well before, but chunks of fresh material straight out of the sources, in this case Star Chamber records, well served up and garnished with reliable scholarship. These episodes of Henrician life reveal the society of the time in various aspects, usually scuffling, quarrelling, at fisticuffs, in pleasant detail in town and country, village, church and tavern. By the way one learns a good deal about the history of the time, about the character of Cromwell's administration, for example, where Mr. Elton establishes a just point against Professor Merriman. The stories are, however, of varying interest. I confess I was rather disappointed by them, except for two, 'The Treasurer and the Goldsmith', and 'Tithe and Trouble'. The great disadvantage of these pieces as stories, as Mr. Elton allows, is that one never knows from the documents how they end. That inevitably lessens their appeal to the reader and makes one doubt whether they were worth a book.

A. L. ROWSE

Poet of Felicity

Thomas Traherne: *Centuries, Poems and Thanksgivings*. Edited by H. M. Margoliouth. 2 vols. Oxford. 24 4s.

IN THE WINTER of 1896-7 a notebook containing prose meditations and a manuscript of poems was picked up for a few pence on a London street bookstall. They were shortly afterwards acquired by the scholar and bookseller Bertram Dobell. Dobell identified these writings as the work of a seventeenth-century cleric, Thomas Traherne, hitherto only known as the author of *Roman Forgeries*, an anti-Papist tract published in 1673, and *Christian Ethics*, a manual of devotions published in 1675, the year after his death. Great credit must always be given to Dobell, not only for the flair and expertness which enabled him to identify Traherne as the author of the newly discovered manuscripts, but also for his immediate perception of 'the rhythms and cadences of the external music' present in these manuscripts. A lost classic of English poetry and prose had been miraculously redeemed, and now, some sixty years later, receives canonisation in the great series of Oxford English Texts.

Traherne takes his place naturally at the end of that school of English poetry of the seventeenth century which should be called moral rather than metaphysical, and which is mainly the product of clerics of the Church of England. George Herbert is its greatest representative, and he died four years before Traherne was born. Crashaw (1612-49) and Vaughan (1622-95) are the important connecting links. There can be little doubt that Traherne was aware of the work of these poets, and in his verse influenced by it (as, in his prose, he was influenced by *The Imitation of Christ*). In his introduction to this new edition Mr. Margoliouth summarises the few facts of the poet's uneventful life. He was the son of a shoemaker of Hereford, went to Brasenose College where he took his B.A. in 1656, was rector of Credenhill from 1661-9 and in the latter year became chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman in London. He died at Teddington in 1674.

If his poems only had been discovered, Traherne would no doubt have remained in decent academic obscurity. This does not imply that his verse is without poetic value. It lacks the candid fluency of Herbert's verse, the mystical fervour of Crashaw, the

occasional magic of Vaughan's verse; nevertheless Traherne in his poems has a distinguishable and distinctive quality, which is allied to the 'eternal music' of his prose. That quality is now for the first time to be fully appreciated because Mr. Margoliouth has given us the poems (so far as possible) as Traherne wrote them, and free from the 'revisions' introduced by his brother Philip after the poet's death. It remains true, however, that the poems are thrown into shade by the lucent prose. There is no more beautiful prose in English literature. Milton, or Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne are more sustained; Burke and Ruskin are more eloquent; Pater more exquisite and Swift incomparable. But none of these has Traherne's uncorrupted innocence and ecstasy—what Mr. Margoliouth describes as his 'singleness of eye and keenness of sense-perception unblunted by reflexion or knowledge of evil'.

This quality is an expression of his philosophy, if philosophy it is to be called (Dobell said: 'He was not more a Poet than a Mystic, no more a Mystic than a Saint: but each at all times, and never one rather than the other'.) It has often been observed that he seems to anticipate the radiant naturalism of Wordsworth's 'Ode', but Wordsworth was more complex. The key-word in Traherne's writings is Felicity, and by this he meant the joy that comes from a direct contemplation of the visible world, and a concomitant awareness of its spiritual quality. 'No one', as Mr. Margoliouth says so succinctly, 'has so married the worlds of sense and spirit, leaving the objects of sense undimmed and showing the potencies of spirit as "all Act"'. But it should not be assumed that the expression of this felicity is mindless: there is profound thought in the *Centuries*; the meditations on love, for example, in the second 'Century', have the subtlety and profundity of Kierkegaard's meditations on the same subject.

It is not necessary to praise Mr. Margoliouth's scholarship—we are already grateful to him for his edition of Andrew Marvell in this same series, and for his work on Blake, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. He now gives us, with all the necessary critical apparatus, the perfect text of a seventeenth-century writer who for the first time can be read in completeness and with full understanding.

HERBERT READ

Light on China

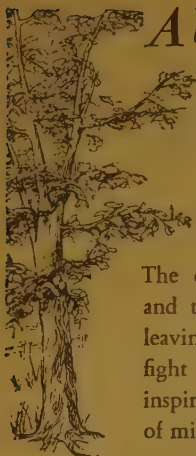
The Serpent and the Tortoise

By Edgar Faure. Macmillan. 21s.

EX-PRIME MINISTERS of Western Powers who have visited Communist China are few in number. Lord Attlee has done so and so has M. Faure, whose penetrating observations on what he saw and heard while there in 1956 have now been provided in an English translation. The visit was made at the invitation of the Chinese Institute of Foreign Affairs and, like other distinguished foreign visitors, he was received with the greatest courtesy and friendliness, entertained lavishly, and taken on a number of conducted tours. In addition to talks with Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and other outstanding members of the Communist hierarchy, he was able to meet some of the leading figures of the 'non-Communist parties', of the various religious bodies—Catholic, Protestant, Moslem, Buddhist and Taoist—and of other sections of the community.

Five weeks in China are hardly sufficient to qualify anyone for being regarded as an authority on that vast country, but M. Faure made good use of the short time at his disposal and, as he modestly remarks, it did at least enable him 'to understand that one does not understand'. This remark refers more specifically to events in China since his visit there—the *cheng-feng* and what he calls 'the cluster of 1957 campaigns (the rectification campaign, the campaign against the right-wing deviationists, and the Hundred Flowers)'. His book does, in fact, cover not only his personal observations while in China two years ago but also subsequent developments down to 1958 and his interpretation of them, based on what he had seen and heard.

From his opening chapters one might imagine him to have



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been rather too ready to accept all he was told; but it soon becomes clear that, far from being gullible, he quickly penetrated the plentiful garnish of 'eye-wash' and sorted out fact from fiction. As a result, he presents us with a work which, while showing a sympathetic understanding of the views expressed by his Chinese hosts and of the problems with which they are faced, reveals him as being fully alive to the evils and weaknesses of the present régime as well as to its virtues and strength.

Whether dealing with the so-called 'non-Communist parties'—which, contrary to general belief, he considers are 'not simply a façade'—or with the various religious communities, or with the modified form of capitalism still retained in Communist China, or with the question of collectivization, his comments are always very much to the point and often extremely penetrating. The reasons he deduces for the fact that property rights are still tolerated in the towns but not in the country are enlightening and there is an amusing touch about the reason why the 'national capitalists' find the present dispensation more to their liking than they expected. This, it seems, is mainly because the Communist 'public director', who is attached to each 'capitalist director', sees to it that the employees work properly and never go on strike. Some of our own 'capitalist directors' must regard this with envy.

Thoughtful as are M. Faure's observations on Chinese internal affairs, what will probably be of greater interest to his readers are the cogent arguments he advances in support of his plea for a new approach to the whole problem of China. While castigating what he calls 'the fiction of the China of Taipeh as the fifth Power in the world and a permanent member of the Security Council', he waxes equally caustic about the use of 'this or that incident as a pretext to justify the absurd principle (of) ignoring up till now the existence of a people of six hundred millions'. His interviews with the Chinese Communist leaders, he says, left him with 'the very clear impression' that the status of Formosa is capable of a reasonable solution; and to the objection that recognition of Communist China would merely raise its prestige in Asia and undermine that of the West, he contends that, on the contrary, such a step carried out in a spirit of realism, far-sightedness and even generosity, would 'surely bring more credit to the West than an obstinate policy of awaiting the inevitable'.

M. Faure provides stimulating and timely food for thought in plenty. This includes his prayer that the chasm between East and West will ultimately be bridged like the Yangtze. That great waterway has but recently been spanned by a magnificent bridge between two promontories known respectively as the Serpent and the Tortoise—which explains the name given to this book.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY

Are M.P.s Slaves?

People and Parliament. By Nigel Nicolson.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

RELATIONS BETWEEN M.P.s and their constituents, the respective party organizations and, in particular, those mysterious and tyrannical creatures the parliamentary Whips, provide the central theme in this critical study by Nigel Nicolson, the M.P. for Bournemouth East. He also uses the occasion to justify himself over his attitude on the Suez affair and his opposition to the retention of capital punishment—and why not? Surely an M.P., under sentence of political extinction, has the right to defend himself against the party caucus—but why not go the whole hog and point the moral?

He enters the fray armed with the most destructive material. The Tories in Bournemouth East, at any rate the vast majority of them, have, in his opinion, treated him shamefully; the average M.P. (according to him most M.P.s are average) is far too subservient to the party Whips; independence either of speech or action is frowned upon by front-benchers; should an ambitious M.P. conceive the notion that one fine day he may be invited to join a government he must watch his step; in short, the logic of Walter Bagehot and eloquence of Edmund Burke on the independence of M.P.s, who must resist the blandishments

of their constituents and throw off the shackles of the party caucuses, are regarded in parliamentary circles as just froth and nonsense.

After this shocking indictment one would have expected the author to throw down the gauntlet and lead a crusade to destroy the façade of parliamentary democracy, instead of which he writes with an air of detachment and feebly makes an appeal to everybody to play fair. This is hardly the way to enter the ring, much less hope to sustain the struggle. The most formidable obstacles will be encountered, the opponents are a tough and experienced lot, determined to conserve their privileges, to uphold the party system and, if necessary, to enforce discipline, even to the extent of withdrawing the Whip; perhaps, as an extreme measure, to demand the culprit's resignation.

Who can blame them? After all, the party system has worked very well; to clutter up the House of Commons with a collection of Independents, who are neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring, may lead to the fragmentation of politics. The experience of some Continental countries where an endless round of timid and confused coalitions has produced chaos and uncertainty in administration is not encouraging. Nor can we ignore the vested interests; party headquarters, political agents; all the paraphernalia associated with the political set-up familiar in this country.

Of course, Mr. Nicolson, who by the way makes excellent speeches in parliament which should satisfy the most hard-boiled tory, could have said to the Bournemouth caucus 'If you don't like my opinions I can change them'. But being an honest man he stands by those opinions and the result is a foregone conclusion. The venerable greybeards in Bournemouth East—the assumption is that the young tory hopefuls are above suspicion—tell him to go. Presumably he is now searching for another constituency; although if the Conservative Central Office have their way he may seek for a long time.

What then is the remedy? More Independents in parliament? In my long experience of the House of Commons I have rarely witnessed any independence in any of them. Professors, authors of distinction, scientists and intellectuals, although occasionally expressing views based on their special knowledge, rarely, if ever, cast a vote against the government on a major issue—except, perhaps, when it happens to be Labour. Why should any government resign except on a decision registered against them on a definite motion of censure? Why not permit a free vote on all issues, legislative or otherwise, which are not regarded by the government as vitally affecting settled policy? And why should the opposition demand from its members rigid discipline on questions of minor importance, a practice which frequently causes discontent? It should be sufficient to call for discipline only on those occasions when a vote is taken on a motion of censure on the government.

Nor is there any valid reason why an M.P. should not abstain from voting if he feels unable to support some item of policy; nor should his constituents complain when an M.P. uses his judgment, based on what is undoubtedly superior knowledge available to him, to speak and vote, even when it fails to accord with constituency opinion. The Mother of Parliaments is perhaps more democratic than any similar assembly in the world. But with the passage of time and the emergence of legislation warranted by modern conditions, the fabric of parliamentary democracy creaks, revealing defects not observed in the early part of this century.

Let us begin by ending the farce of debates in the House attended by fewer than a score of M.P.s, or the spectacle of a handful of members forcing the House to sit throughout the night on a matter of trifling importance. Constituents should not be misled by the suggestion that M.P.s are overworked. More often they are bored by the fruitless waste of their time, including the dreary drip of repetitive speeches, or waiting for a vote to be taken, frequently unaware of what the vote entails.

No problem confronts the sensible M.P. who seeks to reconcile his duty to the whole nation with his responsibility to his constituency; that is not the real defect in our parliamentary system. It is the outmoded procedure of the House of Commons which is largely at fault. If Mr. Nicolson's book is read by every M.P. and candidate, including members of past and present governments, it will serve a useful purpose.

EMANUEL SHINWELL

Magical Sculpture

The Sculpture of Africa. By Eliot Elisofon. Thames and Hudson. £3 10s.

THE NEGROES OF SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA have never used their knowledge of wood carving to make images or create a symbolical language of forms, and African sculpture comes almost entirely from the area covered by the two great river systems of the Niger and Congo. The work of about sixty tribes is represented in this book and although one of them, the Mashona, is as far south as Southern Rhodesia, it seems to have specialised in head-rests, and two of the three examples illustrated should be classed as furniture rather than sculpture. These head-rests apart, it is one of the virtues of Mr. Elisofon's magnificent series of photographs that it is devoted entirely to the graven image; to masks and figures and some of those famous memorial heads from Ife whose faces are grooved like the ball of a gigantic thumb. He has used his camera unpretentiously and lighted the objects in a way that declares them boldly and truthfully to the eye. He brings out the gratifying pushfulness of a Baga nose or a Yoruba behind, the frightening concavities of Fang heads, the staggering rocaille on Bena Lulua figures and provides in a single view of any sculpture in the round the sense of a complex of circumferences.

Mr. Elisofon is a Harvard Research Fellow in Primitive Art and has himself written the captions that accompany the plates. They reflect his enthusiasm and knowledge but are not always as helpful as they could be and sometimes are downright obscure. An adequate description of the Baule divination vessel used for the interpretation of stick patterns produced by the movement of mice would have identified the small mounds between the feet of the figure: they are probably representations of mice, but in the photograph they remain inscrutable. Likewise, one would like to know whether the Babembe figure at the top of page 186 has a beard or a long chin; and the tantalising suggestion that the clan scars on its trunk are probably reinforced with fetish material 'inserted into the trunk through the buttocks' might make sense if one were shown an upward view of its rear. On the other hand, one is more than grateful for the illuminating caption under the Bayaka mask used in circumcision rites. The upturned nose is a characteristic of the Bayaka style, but in this particular mask the length and upward curve of the nose is greatly exaggerated, and Mr. Elisofon explains that it is used after circumcision, when the novices end their seclusion with a triumphant dance. It is a notable example of the African sculptor's use of comic metaphor.

Authoritative introductory texts have been contributed by the late Ralph Linton, who was

Professor of Anthropology at Yale, and Mr. William Fagg, Deputy Keeper of the Department of Ethnography at the British Museum. Mr. Fagg says that Linton's essay sets forth the most important things that can and should be said about tribal, or 'primitive' art, and it does indeed present a remarkable summary of the prevailing characteristics of primitive art, wherever it may be found. All the same, a few of his statements do not seem to fit too happily into the African situation. For instance, he says that the slow technique of wood-carving ruled out constant reference to the living model, and that the fact that the primitive artist was compelled to work from memory led to 'a skill in visualisation foreign to most Europeans'. But the models would presumably be living in the same village as the sculptor and, as far as the majority of African tribes are concerned, in a handy state of exposure, so it seems much more likely that the African sculptor developed his power of visualisation partly because one of his tasks was to make 'spirits' and partly because he had to avoid making likenesses of human beings. A recognisable effigy could deliver the living model into the hands of the unknown sorcerer.

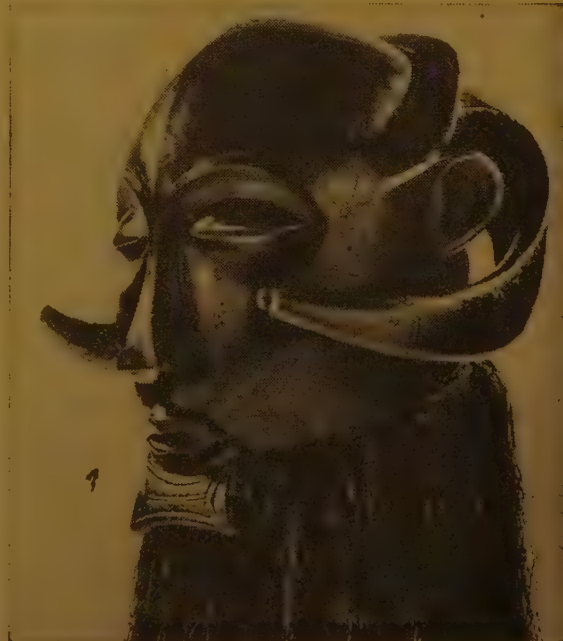
Both essays have been given an 'aesthetic' slant in deference to Mr. Elisofon's selection, which Mr. Fagg justly calls 'a very comprehensive sample of the finest African art' and Ralph Linton describes as work 'elaborated and improved over and above minimal magical requirements'. In effect, they are acknowledging the esteem in which these works have been held by creative artists since the beginning of the century, but since they maintain that we cannot respond to the content of these works without having precise knowledge of the significance attached to them by tribal communities, and at the same time admit that at present such knowledge is 'of painfully small compass', they tend to treat the aesthetics of African art as a kind of top dressing.

A large proportion of the public that will be attracted to Mr. Elisofon's book is likely to be interested in modern art and will find in its handsome pages some startling 'correspondences' with painters and sculptors as far apart as Picasso and Dali or Brancusi and Paolozzi: but the most revealing of all, one which may explain why European artists are able to respond to the scarifying inventions of African sculptors more naturally and profoundly than the anthropologists, is the correspondence between the Basonge mask used by witch-doctors of the Lomami River and some of those 'standing forms' by Graham Sutherland which are derived from bamboo roots by a process which might be described as perceptual animism.

ROBERT MELVILLE



Bayaka dance mask used in circumcision rites



Baluba dance mask, representing a bearded man with bovine horns

Both illustrations from 'The Sculpture of Africa'

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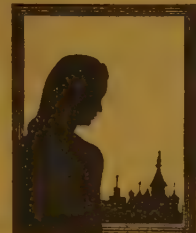
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Voices in a Giant World

W. H. Auden. A Selection by the Author.

Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

Two Plays. By George Barker. Faber. 13s. 6d.

Selection. By A. S. J. Tessimond. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

MANY POETS CAN SWALLOW the dictionary; fewer can digest it. Among these few is W. H. Auden, who published his collected shorter poems here in 1950, arranging them in alphabetical order of first lines. That seemed a characteristic ironic joke, the next move in the secret service game played by the artist with life, the removal of all clues: 'we must stop that leakage'. It was also, perhaps, a deliberately severe and classical act of correction by one of our most prodigally romantic poets. In his self-selected Penguin volume (200 pages of delight) Mr. Auden has relented somewhat, and has restored the chronological order, as a professor should. But it no longer seems to matter very much. Nor does it matter much—except to Ph.D. students—that in this new selection some of the titles have been changed again. What does matter is that some of the poems from *The Shield of Achilles* and *Nones* (not *Notes*, as stated in the list of works at the beginning), which came too late for the collected volume, are included here, as well as some earlier pieces not found in the previous collection: 'The Journey', for instance, with its half-rhymes in the style of Owen.

From the abundant later work there emerges more and more clearly Auden's dominant idea of the poet as citizen of the abstract city, the creator of order, the man for whom new styles of architecture and a change of heart still belong in the same line of verse; the man who loves the landscapes of nature (England especially) but requires them in his art to submit to the same complex intellectual generalizations as are needed to encompass the kaleidoscopic word-worthy world of modern man. The mixture of the strict and the slapdash, the autobiographical and the didactic—the thumb to the nose in the middle of the ritual—is at times gothic in its comprehensiveness: the man who once seemed so exclusively smart and up-to-date still writes as though nothing had happened in English poetry since himself, and justifies this (if it needs justifying) by an ever more explicit statement of his own values: anyone who still wonders which side Auden is on should read 'Vespers'.

George Barker has one theme, love, and you never can tell whether it is going to bear him up or let him down with a flop. His new book consists of two plays written for the B.B.C. Third Programme. The first, 'The Seraphina', is much the more successful. It is about twin brothers (representing *homo spiritualis* and *homo naturalis*) in search of love, and the lost innocence of creation. The inexhaustible central image of man's life as a voyage has caught his imagination and holds it taut: the Icarian wings reach the sun but do not melt. The writing, prose-poetry with lyrics interspersed, is rich, lively and resonant, and the universal level of the work suits the style well.

The second play, 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree', is also about love, but, I am afraid, even more so:

Everything loves everything for ever
Always all things love all living things
So long as we never fear each other.
And what's there to fear? If we all truly
Love each other, there's nothing to fear.

Lacking a fertile central image, this play is vague, slack and generalized; Mr. Barker attempts a more realistic style, but the characters are thin and the shooting of an escaped monkey (the moral of the work) seems merely the text of a sentimental sermon. Mr. Barker was going to preach anyway. The incident fails to assume any moral significance and the piece peters out in a profuse flood of words which never seem to pause long enough to mean anything very interesting. Mr. Barker is an original lyricist and a derivative philosopher, like the fire-flashing medieval poets, but on the level of action he has little to say.

A. S. J. Tessimond began to write verse in the early 'thirties, but his work has appeared all too rarely in recent years, and this new selection he has made is welcome. His style is so easy and

lucid that it sometimes seems casual, but the lightness of the touch usually saves it. Technically, he perhaps overdoes the facile feminine endings (there is even a poem in the metre of 'Hia-watha') and just occasionally he seems satisfied with an ugly jingle:

And the most that the ages' sages'
Wisdom and wit can say . . .

He is sometimes content to state rather than create, rattling off a series of plausible catch-phrases: 'The Romantics', for instance, is too obvious to be interesting as psychology, criticism, or poetry. But all that said (and if Mr. Tessimond were not essentially a worth-while poet it would not be worth saying), he has a refreshing gift for simplifying unpretentiously the quiet, sad, drifting life of modern man:

We are here for fear we think of
Things that we would rather not.
We are here lest we remember—
But we have forgotten what.

That poem, 'Song in a Saloon Bar', is not just smart, in the MacNeice manner; and the identifying 'we' makes it more than satire, combining analysis with sympathy: a combination which at its best, as in 'The British', comes off memorably. Mr. Tessimond does not roar at the top of his voice about sublimities; he is an intimate writer, and his pitch and tone are true to the let-downs of ordinary life:

This is not Love perhaps—Love that lays down
Its life, that many waters cannot quench, nor the floods
drown—
But something written in lighter ink, said in a lower tone:
Something perhaps especially our own.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Pommy Impressions

Australian Accent. By John Douglas Pringle.

Chatto and Windus. 18s.

I HAD BETTER DECLARE my interest. I am an Australian who has spent the past six years in England; Mr. Pringle is a Scotsman who spent five of those years in Australia editing the *Sydney Morning Herald*. My interest is a protective one. What has this interloper done to my country, and to my native city, in writing a book about them?

Fortunately, my protective interest and my critical faculty prove not to be at war. Mr. Pringle has written the best book about Australia by an outsider since Thomas Wood's *Cobbers*, twenty-five years ago. While his book has neither the wide topographical sweep nor the intimate accounts of particular places which Wood's had, it is better in its delineation of Australian character. Here, for those who want to know, is a truthful picture of Australians, as they impress a lively-minded visitor. It has the great virtue of taking them on their own terms. And it is both sympathetic and critical. Mr. Pringle was fascinated by the life around him, and open-minded enough to sympathize with the assumptions and necessities lying behind it, while objecting to its abuses and stupidities. He is splendid on the look and feel of Sydney. He is less successful, perhaps, in describing life in the country: he seems to have been hypnotized by the graziers into thinking that their 'culture' is unique and not shared by wheat and even dairy farmers. But he has taken the pulse of city life, which is the life of the great majority of Australians.

At times he may have generalized a bit too much from Sydney and from recent events. The non-Labour parties in Victoria would be surprised and flattered to learn from him that they escaped corruption in their long periods of office; the Church of England outside the archdiocese of Sydney would deny his assumption that it shares the hellfire puritanism of that unique institution. The large number of Irish-Australians, whose ancestors settled on the land in the nineteenth century, would be surprised to learn that all those ancestors took jobs in the cities. The Labour Party would quickly point out that state aid for church schools was its policy for only a few years during its temporary domination by extremist Catholics. Many who knew Dr. Evatt when he

was a minister would deny that he was a moderate-minded man until the Petrov affair in 1954.

Still, these are small matters, as is the fact that Mr. Pringle cannot spell Parramatta. Although his perspective may occasionally be wrong, he has the power to set down vivid and truthful impressions. Nobody has written so well in prose about Sydney as a city; and nobody else whom I have read has crammed so many shrewd observations about Australian character into a few pages as Mr. Pringle does in his first chapter. He might profitably have gone further with these views of his own, instead of switching to D. H. Lawrence's views in *Kangaroo*. It is not much of a novel. Lawrence said all the memorable things he had to say about Australia in the letters which his wife printed in *Not I but the Wind*, and too much Lawrence is always a bore. Mr. Pringle makes up for this unnecessary piece of *Eng. Lit.* by some perceptive material on contemporary Australian poetry and sensible chapters on population and foreign policy. His account of the Catholic movement in the Labour Party is absorbing.

The drawings by George Molnar match the humour and vigour of the text.

BRUCE MILLER

Surface and Depth

India Changes! By Taya Zinkin

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

My Life with a Brahmin Family

By Lizelle Reymond. Rider. 18s.

MRS. ZINKIN IS ALREADY KNOWN to a wide circle of readers in Britain and America as a journalist of outstanding merit—the Alistair Cooke of the Indian scene. Her dispatches describe particular incidents with a vivid economy of detail which triumphs over unfamiliarity and makes us respond to the problems of a Travancore fisherman or a Sindhi refugee as if they were our kinsmen. These observations are often tempered with irony, but her profound affection for India is always apparent. During the last twelve years her travels and her many friendships have brought her into contact with almost every aspect of Indian life; and she has now drawn upon this stock of first-hand experience to offer the West a progress report on the country of her adoption. She does this, as one might expect, with an abundance of illuminating illustrations. For example, when citing the cinema as an agent in the breakdown of caste taboos: 'The Union Finance Minister, a high-caste South Indian Brahmin, once discovered, during an intermission, that he was sitting next to his own sweeper'.

The chief stress in this book, as its name implies, is upon the agencies of social change and their effects in present-day Indian society. Mrs. Zinkin has taken pains not to over-simplify the picture, indicating the pockets of resistance which have yet to be overcome: but she makes no concealment of where her sympathies lie. Every mark of Westernization—the emancipation of women, 'monetisation', the adoption of business methods, the fashionable innovation of keeping a pet dog—all these are welcomed; on the other hand traditionalism, orthodoxy and even popular films on religious themes are deplored because they 'contribute nothing to India's non-violent revolution'. At times, in her enthusiasm for the new developments, she seems to suggest that caste, factionalism, arranged marriages and so on are already on the way out; but her honesty of reporting reasserts itself, so that we are left with a rich and appropriately contradictory account of the changing scene, an account at its best in its 'corroborative detail'.

In complete contrast, the author of *My Life with a Brahmin Family* is indifferent to the material changes which are taking place in India. She is one of those tortured persons who have turned to Vedic philosophy and to the discipline of Yoga in the hope of liberation from the Western neurosis of ego-centricity. Unlike most of her fellows—the 'Hollywood Brahmins' as V. S. Naipaul has aptly called them—Lizelle Reymond has retained the ability to describe her experiences in plain language. She is endowed with a gift of naïveté which sharpens her observation of everyday events in the complicated domestic life of the Brahmin household of which she became an adopted member. At first,

her presence aroused mixed feelings but in time her qualities of sincerity, candour and humility impressed her hosts (as they cannot fail to impress the readers of her book) so that they admitted her into the impersonal intimacy of their family and religious life. In spite of—perhaps she would say because of—her exercises in the discipline of self-effacement, she shows herself to have been keenly perceptive of her surroundings and of people, as well as of the religious experiences which were her first concern. She shows a rare capacity (not less remarkable in that she is a Frenchwoman) for joining in long meditative silences. The writings of theosophists are seldom congenial to those who do not share their faith; but this book is different. It communicates, without any attempt to proselytize, the aspirations and the spiritual discoveries which its author came to share with her Hindu companions and teachers; and it does so with a certain homely eloquence.

G. M. CARSTAIRS

Book List

The following books have been received:

Art and Archaeology

Van Gogh: a Study of His Life and Work, by Frank Elgar (Thames and Hudson, 28s.)

Chinese Art, by Mario Prodan (Hutchinson, 30s.)

Persian Painting of the Fifteenth Century, with introduction and notes by R. H. Pinder-Wilson

Egyptian Tomb Paintings, with introduction and notes by Nina M. Davies (both Faber Gallery of Oriental Art, 15s. each)

A Picture Book of Archaeology, by C. W. Ceram (Thames and Hudson, 42s.)

Early Christian Ireland, by Máire and Liam de Paor (Thames and Hudson, 25s.)

Some Outstanding Clocks 1250-1950, by H. Alan Lloyd (Leonard Hill, £3 10s.)

Architecture

Architecture, You and Me, by S. Giedion (O.U.P., for Harvard, 30s.)

Modulor 2, 1955, by Le Corbusier (Faber, 42s.)

The Landscape of Power, by Sylvia Crowe (Architectural Press, 16s.)

Drama

Two Plays and a Preface, by Nigel Dennis (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 18s.)

The Balcony, by Jean Genet (Faber, 10s. 6d.)

Epitaph for George Dillon, by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton (Faber, 10s. 6d.)

The First-born, by Christopher Fry (O.U.P., 9s. 6d.)

Collected Plays, by Arthur Miller (Cresset, 25s.)

Music and Ballet

The Enjoyment of Music: an Introduction to Perceptive Listening, by Joseph Machlis (Dobson, £2 10s.)

Carolan: the Life, Times and Music of an Irish Harper, by Donal O'Sullivan (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 2 vols., £4 4s. the set)

Baron's Ballet Finale. Introduction and commentary by Arnold L. Haskell (Collins, 42s.)

Ballet of Three Decades, by Audrey Williamson (Rockliff, 25s.)

Antonio and Spanish Dancing, by Elsa Brunelleschi (Black, 18s.)

Language

Words in Our Time, by Ivor Brown (Cape, 10s. 6d.)

A Second Book of English Idioms, by V. H. Collins (Longmans, 11s. 6d.)

A First Book of Quotations, by Eric Partridge (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.)

Politics and History

Oliver Cromwell and the Puritan Revolution, by Maurice Ashley (English Universities Press, 8s. 6d.)

The Twilight of Monarchy, by L. G. Pine (Burke, 18s.)

Haakon, King of Norway, by Maurice Michael (Allen and Unwin, 25s.)

A History of Hong Kong, by G. B. Endacott (O.U.P., 30s.)

Islam and the Arabs, by Rom Landau (Allen and Unwin, 30s.)

Unesco: Purpose, Progress, Prospects, by Walter H. C. Laves and Charles A. Thomson (Dobson, £3 3s.)

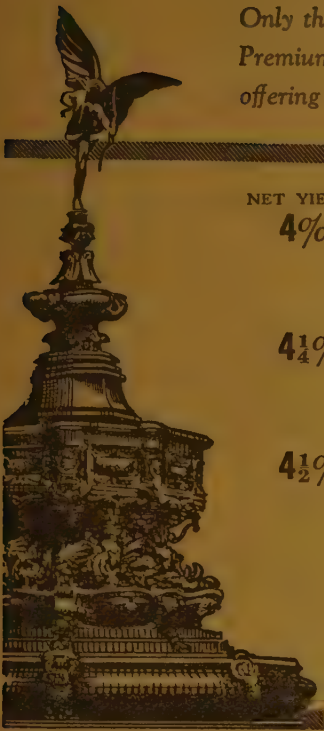
Psychology and Sociology

Social Structure and Personality in a Factory, by Paul Lafitte (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 24s.)

Oppression and Liberty, by Simone Weil (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.)

Slavery, by C. W. W. Greenidge (Allen and Unwin, 21s.)

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Windows on the World

IT IS GOOD NEWS that 'A Sculptor's Landscape', John Read's film about Henry Moore, has just been awarded the first prize at the International Festival of Art Films at Bergamo. The last film in Mr. Read's 'British Art and Artists' series was shown by the B.B.C. on September 21. It was also about a sculptor—Reg Butler—and though shorter than the Moore film, was, as a composition, almost equally imaginative. The queer supersonic background music was absolutely appropriate to this artist's work, which might be described as the sculptural equivalent of science fiction. Mr. Butler spoke his own commentary: it was an odd mixture of naïveté and insight, a 'horse's mouth' statement vastly preferable to some smooth literary piece by an art critic. He spoke of creative art as a matter of identity ('when I sculpt, then I am most who I am') and of enlarging the frontiers of experience rather than communicating an already known reality. His concern is with the unknown. A child of our time, he is impressed by high speeds and new discoveries. Many of his figures are shown looking upwards, to where the latest shapes of mobile metal raid the sky. He projects his female figures into space, on trapezes; they are far removed from the earth-rooted majesty and massiveness of Moore's groups.

There was one particularly striking sequence showing Mr. Butler—who used to be a blacksmith—at work at his forge, with the shadow of one of his strange contraptions, poised like a rocket before its perilous take-off, lit up in the flickering of the flame. Whatever one may think of Mr. Butler's work, this was an impressive film: exactly the kind of film which—if preserved—will be of enormous value to future students.

Our recognition of the importance of preserving film material is due mainly to the British Film Institute, which this year celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary. On September 23,

Basil Wright introduced a programme ('The Long View') to mark this anniversary and to show us something of the work of the Institute.

In the old days many films were lost or destroyed. Now the archives of the Institute at Aston Clinton preserve 6,000 films; experts examine them regularly and duplicate them when their 'artificial ageing test' gives warning that deterioration is due. This fascinating programme reminded us of the film's incomparable value as a 'window on the world'. It is important not only as an art form in its own right—as the magnificent opening sequence from 'Intolerance' showed—but for its documentary value to students of history and society, and as an educational medium. It is international, letting in light across all barriers of language. The final excerpt from 'At Midnight', a Hungarian film made against the background of the Budapest rising, spoke its human message movingly and courageously: the final image of an unquenchable fire seemed to symbolise man's undefeated spirit and to flicker on the screen long after the programme had ended.

Another 'window on the world',



Model of Reg Butler's prize-winning sculpture, 'The Unknown Political Prisoner', shown in 'British Art and Artists' on September 21



Students at a British Film Institute summer school at Bath: from a film in 'The Long View' on September 23

Left: 'Panorama' on September 22—Christopher Chataway interviewing unemployed West Indians in Kingston, Jamaica



'Panorama', returned last week. I wish I could say that the new series got off to a flying start; but it seemed rather a routine affair. It seemed hardly worth while sending Christopher Chataway all the way to Kingston, Jamaica, to tell us that some West Indians emigrate because they cannot find jobs at home. Mr. Dimbleby introduced this item by solemnly informing us that there have been racial disturbances since he was last with us, as though he were first

with the news. By far the best contribution came from Robert Kee in Venezuela: he really did enlighten us about this oil-rich, dictator-ridden republic, where half the population is still illiterate and where the capital, Caracas, looks like a gimcrack New York. It seems possible that, after a hundred years, the army there is beginning to support democracy instead of reaction. The Venezuelans, evidently an optimistic as well as a charming and vital people, are still waiting for Mr. Dulles to follow suit.

I have not hitherto written about sport in this column, but that is certainly not for lack of appreciation or enjoyment of television's unrivalled achievements in bringing every kind of sport (literally) home to us. Last week I watched the International Show Jumping from Brussels. The course looked a good deal stiffer and more concentrated than the White City one from which I had seen a previous transmission. I have found nothing more exciting or more beautiful to watch on television than this sport. It combines the grace of ballet with the suspense of waiting to see if each competitor will manage a clear round. Dorian Williams is a faultless commentator. On this occasion I was delighted that the B.B.C. let us run a quarter of an hour over our allotted time so that we could see the tie-off for the Grand Prix between the Italian and German champions. When D'Inzeo did a clear round in twenty-three seconds he seemed certain of victory: but the German, Winkler, on a smaller horse, went round in twenty seconds: a flawless piece of riding and a dramatic finish to a perfect evening's entertainment.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Mem-Sahib

IN SUNDAY NIGHT'S PLAY, 'The Untouchable' by Florence Hayes Turner, we met a relic of the Raj. Mrs. Newby is an Anglo-Indian widow whose husband, once a 'big noise', took to whisky galore and drank himself out in disgust when we left India to the Indians. Her house in Kensington has a truly Kensingtonian drawing-room but the rest of the accommodation suggests a modest villa in Fulham. The now penniless Mrs. Newby has not only to 'do' for herself, but for lodgers also, and that amid the exacting demands of the laundry and of the hire-purchase man for instalments on the vacuum cleaner.

Matters are not improved when a haughty female tenant refuses to share a bathroom with an Indian student, Mr.



Clifford Evans (left) as John Williams and Lee Montague as Taneo Takahashi in 'Hour of the Rat' on September 23



Flora Robson as Mrs. Newby and Shivendra Sinha as Nirmal Lall in 'The Untouchable' on September 28

Lall. With her departure another £2 5s. a week has vanished, but the Indian lives up to the old song, 'Our lodger's such a nice young man'. Since Mrs. Newby's old Anglo-Indian friends are the worst kind of colour-conscious snobs and think it dreadful that a Mem-Sahib should be taking in an Indian to keep her various wolves from the door, it is only natural that the widow should begin to find the company of the sympathetic Mr. Lall a good deal more congenial than that of her one-time comrades in Lahore. She is alone and motherly: he alone and gently compassionate. We leave Mrs. Newby enjoying tea and sympathy.

The play was short, simple, and fresh in its realistic atmosphere of a big house that has dwindled into faded 'digs'. Flora Robson does not naturally suggest a relic of the Raj, and her natural, elemental power to realize distress was not strained to the full in Mrs. Newby's part. There was no strong scene of intense shock, no poignant vibrating outburst, and one knows how effectively Miss Robson could have managed these. She was called on to be domestically harassed, personally vexed, and finally relieved and relaxed, in all of which her powers of course were not extended: but she was always acting with a subdued veracity that was perfectly accommodated to the mood of the story. Shivendra Sinha supported her agreeably as the lodger, who had come to study law and was given a lesson in different types of English manners.

'Hour of the Rat', from the Midland studio

(September 23), made an arresting and creditable hour. The central figure of Jon Manchip White's tale was John Williams, a high-up Treasury official with searing memories of a prisoner-of-war camp in Burma where atrocity abounded; he was obviously psychotic and possessed by such an overmastering hatred of the Japanese, well known to his colleagues, that his appointment to cope with an important trade delegation from Tokyo was most unlikely. Have the heads of our Civil Service departments no sense at all?

However, Williams attended the meeting and there recognised the chief persecutor of his prison days, now disguised as a suave tycoon of business. He swooned; then he remembered an old oath of revenge, and, later in the night, fulfilled it. That his friends—who were fully alive to his mental condition and his vengeful purpose—did not get on to the police quicker was again implausible. So were the subsequent judicial proceedings. Either Williams was sane and a murderer or he was insane and a Broadmoor case. Yet all we heard was a sentence of four years, presumably for manslaughter.

But such considerations were much less important than the vigour of the writing and of the acting and the competence of Emyr Humphrey's direction. Clifford Evans played Williams with a vivid and haunting portrayal of mental obsession and Lee Montague, though physically somewhat remote from the Japanese type, presented a striking image of the one-time eastern wolf now bleating like a lamb. It was wise to make sixty minutes the limit: there was enough to fill them and no more. The end was made apparent from the start: but excitement was skilfully sustained.

When the holidays are over and the seaside summer shows close down, old friends are released in a shoal from their 'Marine Parades' for welcome appearance on the screen. Within one week we were on happy terms again with Benny Hill, whose mimicry of Eric Robinson was a brilliant interlude in a programme not his best, while Jimmy Edwards came roaring back in the cap, gown, and motley of 'Whack-O!'. Messrs. Norden and Muir had quite a makeable theme in the investigations of the Jimmy Edwards Academy by a representative of the Sunday press: the subject might be juvenile, but there were, before the usual final and farcical scramble, some much more adult and witty lines than usually find their way into television scripts by other hands.

Jack Warner is once more Dixon of Dock Green, and on Saturday almost the entire personnel of that police station went fishing on Southend pier: they caught both a crab and a crook. Presumably Dock Green survived their absence without a local crime wave. Then the 'Ted Ray Show' came back with the maestro in full hilarity; the versatile Kenneth Connor piping up gaily by his side. The business of players having their own jokes and laughing heartily among themselves can be overdone—and was.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Third Revived

THOSE WHO CHAMPIONED the Third Programme when it was emasculated have some cause for jubilation this week. Two hours have been won back from Network Three on Saturday nights and the programme once again starts at six o'clock on at least one day in the week. Though drama devotees will not benefit directly from the change, the regained hours being deployed in favour of operas and orchestral concerts, they should console themselves with the thought that Saturday-evening concerts should take some of the pressure off the Third's tight mid-week schedules. Network Three remains on Saturdays and starts at four o'clock, which is an hour that might well be considered as a suitable time for the opening of the Third Programme on



Scene from the first of a new series of 'Dixon of Dock Green' on September 27: (left to right) Arthur Rigby as Sergeant Flint, Jack Warner as P.C. George Dixon, Moira Mannion as Sergeant Grace Millard, and Dorothy Casey as Nancy



the things they say!



You know, I don't think doctors ought to prescribe commercial drugs at all.

But all drugs are made by some commercial firm or other.

Yes, but they aren't all sold under fancy names in fancy packages — at fancy prices.

Surely it's wrong to make a profit out of illness?

But if the pharmaceutical manufacturers didn't make profits, where would they get the £4,000,000 they spend every year on doing research to find other drugs that are very badly needed?

But I thought most of the new drugs had been discovered by doctors working in the big hospitals!

Not at all. Most new drugs and anaesthetics have been discovered and perfected by the pharmaceutical industry — in other words, by the very people who make them.

Give me some examples.

Well, take I.C.I. It was their Pharmaceuticals Division that discovered 'Mysoline', an entirely new treatment for epilepsy; and quite recently they announced a new anaesthetic, 'Fluothane', which has properties that make it quite unique.

It was only at great effort — and cost — that these products were developed, perfected and made available. Many other pharmaceutical manufacturers could point to comparable contributions that

they have made to the progress of Medicine.



Sundays. Sunday afternoon listening has always been rather a drab business and I understand that Sunday viewing is equally mournful.

Though the American model in broadcasting is usually shunned in this country, the parlous state of sound broadcasting programmes on Sunday suggests that we might with benefit follow the American pattern, which is at the moment tending towards a concentration of highbrow entertainment on Sunday afternoons. The Third opens at five o'clock on Sundays and I am sure that this hour is not one which lends itself to a large drama audience. If plays started at four or even three o'clock, the Third would find a much bigger Sunday audience than it does at present. It would not, naturally, find a large audience if the extra hours were devoted to works which could only have appeal in academic circles, but it would be doing a service if it provided a repertory of intelligent plays produced with the kind of attack that the Drama Department is capable of.

In 'Day of Wrath' Miss Lydia Ragosin used action to continue the debate on fear and the need for courage, which she opened passively in 'The Man in My Shoes', performed a month ago. Her philosophical interest in the creation of fearless men is commendable but it seems to force her into creating dramatic situations which are unnatural. In 'Day of Wrath' she creates initially an acceptable science-fiction situation in which the world is being depopulated by a form of bubonic virus. The people facing this virus with a full knowledge of its meaning and consequence to civilization are a group of scientists encamped in Outer Mongolia. One of the scientists finally persuades the others that the virus can only be beaten by faith and a resolution not to be defeated by a primitive fear of fear.

Miss Ragosin's message is timely, but she strained credibility by introducing a secondary threat to civilization in the form of a Mongol horde which believes that it has discovered an incarnation of Genghis Khan to lead it once again to victory. I suspect that she drew her inspiration for this Mongolian sub-plot from the story about Eisenstein, who was once attacked by Tartars while making one of his films in Siberia. The feeling that she had been so inspired and the knowledge that the Tartars were put down by two squadrons of tanks and that they have since been 'assimilated', limited my sense of the reality of the threatening Mongolians. From a dramatic point of view their intrusion in the plot seemed in any case to add little; and I felt that Miss Ragosin had made the mistake of merging two dramatic ideas into a single script.

The play was performed by members of Colchester Repertory Company and, though I welcomed the advent of some unfamiliar voices, I have to admit sadly that the performances vindicated the regular radio Thespians. Mr. John Gibson, who produced, took his opportunities but I concluded from the way in which Outer Mongolian effects were played down that he did not believe in the horde either.

Miss Jean McConnell's 'Haul for the Shore', a comedy about Cornish wreckers with a workaday disregard for text-book morality embarrassed by the arrival of a new vicar in their midst, was very delightful. It was obvious from the beginning that the wreckers would win and that the vicar would be swallowed by his jovial flock. Mr. Patrick Dromgoole's production and adaptation overcame the plot's simplicity by skilful characterization. He was nobly assisted by Mr. Hedley Goodall as crusty uncle Jem Burden and by Mr. Lewis Gedge as Petrock Pook who had the Psalms in one hand and a bottle of brandy in the other. In other hands the two old men could have become creatures of fiction only. In this production they lived, and there were moments, like their clacking duet for new false

teeth, which were uproarious. 'Haul for the Shore' demonstrated the truism that there is no substitute for enthusiasm and fine words.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Farewell to Arms

AN IMPRESSIVE and varied amount of opinion was gathered together in 'Montgomery of Alamein' on Wednesday evening (Home Service) for the composite portrait of the Field-Marshal on his farewell to the military profession after fifty years' service. Narrated by General Sir Brian Horrocks and beginning with President Eisenhower's tribute to an old comrade-in-arms, it took in brass hats and privates, ranging from Augustus John who tried to paint Montgomery's portrait ('It was hopeless') and got Shaw along to entertain him with a history of war from the Greeks, to Mr. Shinwell who found 'Monty's' *penchant* for making political speeches an embarrassment in Whitehall. Sir Alan Herbert 'sort of summed up' by saying that if Montgomery was a showman—and he himself was reported as saying that a modern, civilian, newspaper-reading army needs a mascot as well as a master—you could not be a showman without having something to show.

The portrait that emerged was of a dedicated professional soldier, 'a tough, stringy, bird-like little man', who in a matter of weeks transformed a bewildered army, that had just retreated 500 miles across the burning desert, into an immensely self-confident force whose job it was, as he told them, to 'kick the Germans out of Africa'. When he first arrived in the desert, with his freshly-creased shorts, white knees, and schoolboy slang, one of the men who met him thought 'O God, here's another of those funny little generals!' It soon appeared, however, that wherever he was Montgomery was master of the situation—in Africa, in Sicily, in the final invasion of Normandy, which he planned on the floor of his old school, St. Paul's, where as a boy he had beaten W. G. Grace at cricket. But it was the last eleven months of the war, said a pressman attached to his staff in France, which Montgomery found the most difficult, convinced as he was that Eisenhower was wrong in rejecting his plan to get to Berlin before the Russians, instead of waiting for them to take the city.

In an hour's programme that seemed short, we followed Montgomery's career from the time he played against the crew of one of the Kaiser's battleships in India in 1908 and beat them, through the first world war when he was left for dead after leading a bayonet charge on the Western Front, through the intervening years and his many differences of opinion with his commanding officers, to the final surrender of the German army at Lüneberg Heath—an event described by his cook. It was an epic story. Arrogant, difficult, prickly as he may sometimes have been to those who worked with him, he was, said Sir James Grigg, our greatest general since Wellington. And he married a sculptress who had not the slightest interest in the army. The programme concluded with the amazingly young, vital voice of the Field-Marshal himself at his last press conference in Paris. 'After fifty years I've had enough', he said, 'I now want to go home and be quiet'.

Inevitably, 'The Little Nightingale' on the Third earlier the same evening, a composite portrait of Alexander Pope built up in the same way as 'Montgomery of Alamein', lacked its immediacy. But Anthony Jacobs read the poems in the sort of voice that one could well imagine to have been Pope's—a man whose life was 'one long disease', first trampled upon by a wild cow at the age of three and then trampled upon by the no less savage wits of the eighteenth

century. One is glad that he at least gave as good as he got, though there can be little doubt about who suffered most in these terrible encounters.

The symbolism of Punch and Judy and the symbolism of Blake and Yeats were both the subject of talks this week—the one by David Holbrook in 'Parents and Children' on Monday and the other by Kathleen Raine on the Third on Tuesday. Mr. Holbrook deplored the displacing of Mr. Punch by Noddy, Sooty, and the pointless violence of the horror films, for hitherto Punch and Judy shows have, he argued, performed the important educative function of helping children to come to terms with violence, cruelty, and death in a comic form. Personally, I must say that I have always found Mr. Punch horrifying and his reiterated 'No, I never!' a conspicuous example of how to get away with it. The most popular parts of the show have always been where he throws the baby downstairs and finally hangs the hangman. Miss Raine demonstrated that 'in essence Blake and Yeats are alike'. So far, she said, Yeats is the only commentator on Blake who has understood his symbols—until, that is, the advent of Miss Raine herself, who is now probably the leading authority in this country on the *Prophetic Books*.

PHILIP HENDERSON

[Next week David Paul takes over from Philip Henderson]

MUSIC

Von Gestern auf Schönberg

WE HAVE BEEN TAKEN, during the past week, on an operatic tour through a century and a half. Starting from the firm ground of Gluck's *Orphée*, we have broken our journey in unfamiliar places. Even Gluck's opera was given not in its well-known form with a contralto singing Orpheus, but in the French version of 1774 in which Gluck, deferring to Parisian objections to *castrati*, arranged the music for a tenor.

This alteration had two important disadvantages. It involved some transpositions of the music and consequently upset the original key-relationships of the whole opera. It also altered the very character of Orpheus. For, as Martin Cooper has well said, the castrato's voice

by its exclusion of the sexual-emotional quality . . . became at least potentially, the instrument of a higher form of artistic expression. Orpheus is not simply a husband sobbing on his wife's grave . . . he is a symbol of the artist and of the power of music, able to conquer death but conquered by human passion.

The sexless character of Orpheus, which, in default of the original type of singer, can still be realized by the right type of contralto voice—of which Kathleen Ferrier's was a notable example—is destroyed when sung by a tenor who is no longer what a German critic has called 'a stylized man'.

The performance of *Orphée* was broadcast from a recording made at last year's festival at Aix-en-Provence under the direction of Louis de Froment, who has shown himself in other contexts to have a scholarly understanding of the French classics. The part of Orpheus was sung by Nicolai Gedda who surmounted the difficulties of its *tessitura* and phrased the music fluently. It was no fault of his that he could not reconcile one to a tenor-voiced Orpheus nor to the higher cadence of '*J'ai perdu mon Euridice*' which Gluck substituted for the sublime and more deeply moving simplicity of the exact reprise of the opening in '*Che farò?*' Janine Micheau was a bright-voiced Euridice and Liliane Berton sounded aptly boyish as Amor. The chorus, though a little slack at first, and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra contributed to the pleasures of the evening.

Lalo has a name known to most of us only through his deservedly popular *Symphonie espagnole*. But his opera *Le roi d'Ys*, based on the Breton legend of the sunken city off the Atlantic coast, remains popular in France, and the extension of our operatic experience by its broadcast last Thursday was most welcome. It has a good dramatic story well suited to musical treatment, one of its advantages from this point of view being the presence in the cast of two rival women. Such characters, e.g., Aida and Amneris, or Elsa and Ortrud, always lead themselves to effective musical delineation, and Lalo does not fail to tell us at once that Margared, with her dark voice accompanied by abrupt orchestral phrases, is the villainess of the piece, while Rozenn with her clear soprano and lyrical melodies is the sweet-natured sister who will suffer. Rozenn belongs to the sisterhood of

Marguerite and Micaela, but is less insipid. The tenor and baritone parts are also well drawn and contrasted. Yet, in this broadcast at any rate, the opera did not really 'come off'. It is partly that the vocal writing is not very interesting. In duet the voices tend to move in parallel octaves, while the rhythm rarely generates any real dramatic tension. A defect of the otherwise excellent presentation was the comparative feebleness of the orchestra in relation to the voices, which were mostly excellent, the cast including Janine Micheau, Rita Gorr who made good use of her opportunities as Margared, Henri Legay, and Jean Borthayre.

Arnold Schönberg's *Von Heute auf Morgen* also has a good subject for musical and dramatic treatment, but one that seems to presuppose light handling and a touch of gaiety. For this is no introspective, doom-laden piece like the mono-

drama, *Erwartung*, in which Helga Pylarczyk gave so remarkable a performance at this year's Holland Festival, as we were able to hear in a subsequent broadcast. The comedy was also produced at The Hague, for the first time apparently since its original performance at Frankfurt in 1930, upon which Löwenberg's comment was the one word, 'unsuccessful'. No doubt, in the theatre it amused, for we heard some laughter from the audience, but at home it sounded dreary, despite some clever individual performances by the singers.

On Saturday evening, the B.B.C. Orchestra, returning from vacation, gave excellent performances under Rudolf Schwarz of Schumann's First Symphony, Holst's *Beni Mora* Suite (repeated on Sunday afternoon) and Hindemith's fine Symphony in E flat.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Palestrina, a 'Broad and Brimming Soul'

By DENIS STEVENS

Palestrina's 'Missa Papae Marcelli' will be broadcast at 10.30 p.m. on Wednesday, October 8 (Third)

MR. ORGAN MORGAN, that amiable if local exponent of the king of instruments in *Under Milk Wood*, preferred Johann Sebastian Bach, and, after that, Palestrina. His taste, though unusual, was by no means unique, for it exists and has existed in varying substrata of the subconscious musical mind from Agazzari to Stravinsky, and from Finland to New England. Generation after generation of composers, irrespective of their nationality or personal religion, have been taught to revere Palestrina and his music as a symbol of all that is pure, worthy, and of good report in the realm of ecclesiastical counterpoint.

The greater part of Palestrina's musical output, and in particular his Masses (where his unerring sense of tonal architecture may be heard at its best), still remains eminently worthy of our admiration and respect. Palestrina, unlike Bach, did not have to be rediscovered during the nineteenth century, though the spreading abroad of his bulky *oeuvre* gained considerably from the attentions of the romantics. In fact there always was a Palestrinian tradition, not only in the sense that his music continued to enjoy performances (not always accurate) in the churches and cathedrals of Italy, but because there was a need for some well-regulated formal system whereby the composer in embryo could prepare himself for issue into the unknown musical world.

Strict counterpoint was the term often reserved for this particular mental activity, and as such it became a standard type of musical discipline, gradually moving away from its true progenitor. Padre Martini and Albrechtsberger, however much they may have worshipped Palestrina in the abstract, were decidedly not at one with him in the concrete. Their rules had set too hard and too fast to bear more than a faint physical relation to the flexible contrapuntal commonsense of the sixteenth century. It may even have been due to the efforts of these and other learned pedagogues that an anti-Palestrina note is discernible among eighteenth-century writers. G. B. Doni allows Palestrina 'a consummate art in harmonising and in managing harmonies which please the ear marvellously, but the elocution is extremely barbarous and inconsistent'. Similarly, Pietro della Valle admitted that he was 'still surprised at the famous music of Palestrina which brought it about that the Council of Trent did not banish music from the Church; for if this music is still valued, it is not for use but to be preserved and cared for in some museum.

Unfortunately the multitudinous deliberations of the Council of Trent have been either misrepresented or misunderstood ever since Agazzari first acclaimed Palestrina as the saviour of church music. Along with the *Missa Papae Marcelli* there were other works that received the stamp of approval by the Cardinals' Commission when they were sung at the house of Cardinal Vitellozzi in 1566: Jacob de Kerle's Council Prayers, and his *Missa Regina coeli*, Lasso's *Missa Qual donna*, and Palestrina's *Missa Ut re mi fa sol*. The venerable commission was not apparently perturbed by the fact that the last-named work had been built on a non-liturgical theme, nor even by the 'parody' Mass of Lasso or by Rosselli's *Missa Ultimi miei sospiri*. They were not so much interested in the secular melodic framework as in the audibility of the sacred text. Palestrina was a senior figure, however, and he had enjoyed the then unusual title of *maestro di cappella* during his tenure of office at the Julian Chapel. It was only natural that he should be looked up to in matters of style and policy.

He was the fortunate possessor of a shrewd business mind as well as a fine technique in composition, and did not hesitate to avail himself of such adulatory subterfuges as the printing of a papal coat-of-arms at every appearance of the theme in his *Missa Ecce sacerdos magnus*. This won him a place in the pontifical choir, and set him firmly on a career that was never less than successful. Palestrina was never in financial straits, though his inventive biographer Baini felt it his duty to play up the romantic idea of penurious musicians. Yet Guglielmo Gonzaga's commissioning of the Mantuan Masses, only recently rediscovered, brought in the equivalent of half a year's salary, which was not unreasonable since the composer had to set only half the usual amount of text—they were for alternating plainchant and polyphony.

These works, with another recent find (the *Missa Christus resurgens*) bring the grand total of Palestrina's Masses to 105, placing them on a nice numerical level with Haydn's symphonies. Nobody in his right mind would maintain that all Haydn's symphonies were identical, and it should follow that some musical distinction ought to be made between Palestrina's Masses; but it is all too often true that the layman perceives no such distinction. The greatness of Palestrina lies in just this point, that in using art to hide art he was able to give the impression of a uniform, outwardly consistent texture, while using the most diverse ingredients

and source-materials. Among the Masses are straightforward polyphonic works using from four to eight voices, and there are the late Mantuan works intended for alternatim performance. There are 'parody' Masses, paraphrases of plainsong themes, cantus-firmus compositions, Masses based on strict canon and others on free counterpoint. Like that most genial and creative of plagiarists, Handel, the Italian master draws upon his own works as well as on music by his predecessors and contemporaries. Jaquet, Lupus Hellinck, Ferrabosco, Rore, Richafort, and Josquin are all brought into the fold, yet the final result is undeniably a new creation, bearing the stamp of Palestrina and of no one else.

'Where', asked Victor Hugo, 'did this youth, born of blond Italy, get his broad and brimming soul?' For Hugo, Palestrina was the father of harmony, though for no better reason than the older historians of music considered Dunstable the inventor of counterpoint. Palestrina's counterpoint, like Dunstable's, is carefully cushioned by shock-absorbers, and it never loses its ability to pour balm on jaded ears, however bruised they may be by musical masochism and massed decibels. Though Berlioz could quote a few bars from the *Impropria* and deny the name of genius to a writer of block chords in four-part harmony, he included some Palestrina in one of his mammoth concerts in 1840, and echoed the form (if not the substance) of what to him was Italian religious music in the *canto religioso* of *Harold in Italy*. A year or so later, Wagner edited *Stabat mater* with a profusion of dynamics, semi-choruses, and solo sections enough to wake the younger Gabrieli from his grave. Anton Thibaut's choral meetings were in full swing, though the prevailing tempo for all ecclesiastical music was *adagio*; and the growing Palestrina-cult was to lead to the publications of Proske, Commer, the Prince de la Moskowa and Haberl.

The singing of angels, inspiring Palestrina to write the Kyrie of his *Missa Papae Marcelli*, is a typically romantic scene in Pfitzner's opera based on the composer's dealings with the Council of Trent; but it is no more exaggerated than some of Baini's statements. Palestrina has been misunderstood in the past, and the mists have not yet cleared. His influence can be found, suitably diluted, in Charles Wood and Lorenzo Perosi as well as in the incomparable opening pages of Sibelius's Sixth Symphony and Richard Strauss's motets after Rückert. After Bach, Palestrina is indeed to be preferred.

Bridge on the Air—II

Some Hands for Play

By HAROLD FRANKLIN

IF there is one quality which is likely to ensure the continued popularity of contract bridge, it is its unpredictability. To the uninitiated it might seem normal that in similar circumstances and with the same combinations of cards, players of equal ability should produce identical results. Not only is this not so but it is even on occasion difficult to determine in advance what any of them might do.

When four ladies from Norfolk met London experts on the following deal we thought we knew the point that would be illustrated.

Dealer South. North-South vulnerable	
♠ K 9 5 3	♥ A J 7 2
♥ None	♥ Q 10 7 3
♦ 9	♦ A Q 6 5 4
♣ K J 10 9 8 6 4 2	♣ None
♠ None	♠ Q 10 8 6 4
♥ A K J	♥ 9 8 6 5 4 2
♦ 10 8 7 3 2	♦ K J
♣ A Q 7 5 3	♣ None

One would expect South to pass and West to open with a bid of one Diamond (although the Club suit is better, with equal length in Clubs and Diamonds the opening bid is normally made in the higher ranking suit). North might be expected to bid some number of Clubs and West to become the final declarer in Five, or even Six, Diamonds.

The play in Five Diamonds is fascinating. North's normal opening lead is a Club; West, from the bidding, is probably aware of his great Club length and can in fact ensure his contract against any defence or distribution by the unusual play of taking the first lead with the ace of trumps in dummy. A small Diamond towards the ten then makes it impossible to lose more than two tricks, even if all three outstanding trumps are in one hand. If the declarer fails to ruff the first Diamond high, South wins with the ♦ J, a Heart return is ruffed by North and when a further Club is led South cannot be prevented from taking his ♦ K for a third trick. Would either of the West players find this spectacular safety play?

This is what happened. The first time the hand was played the London experts sat West and East and, as expected, West opened One Diamond and North bid Four Clubs and had finally to lead against a contract of Five Diamonds. Excellent for our purposes, for West was a good enough player to have a chance of succeeding. Anticipation turned to frustration when North, abandoning any real hope, led, of all things, her singleton trump. What should have been a stimulating experience in play became a most pedestrian affair with declarer being made a present of twelve tricks instead of being required to work for eleven.

The ladies, however, had the last word when, at the other table, West, in defiance of standard bidding principles, opening with a bid of One

Club, North bid Three Clubs and East became the declarer in Six Diamonds after this auction:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
No bid	1 ♣	3 ♣	3 ♦
No bid	4 ♦	No bid	4 ♠
No bid	6 ♦	Double	No bid
No bid	No bid		

North's double conventionally asked his partner to make some unlikely lead. North had thought that by directing his partner away from a Club lead he might well attract a Heart lead. For South a Club lead had been impossible and his choice was between Hearts and Spades.

His normal lead would have been a Heart but now he felt he had to look for an abnormal one and the Spade lead, into a suit bid by the declarer, became his choice. The ladies profited largely and won the match over one hand by 1,090 points to 420. While the bidding and play at both tables produced many points of interest, the one point that we had had in mind in selecting the hand was completely evaded.

The extra polish of expert technique showed well in this broadcast hand between a Bournemouth team and the London internationals.

Dealer South. Game all	
♠ K 10 7 4	♠ Q 6 2
♥ 10 9 7 5 2	♥ 8
♦ A 4	♦ 9 7 6 2
♣ J 10	♣ A 9 7 5 4
♠ J 8 3	♠ A 9 5
♥ 4	♥ A K Q J 6 3
♦ Q J 10 8 3	♦ K 5
♣ Q 8 6 2	♣ K 3

The South player in both teams opened with a bid of Two Hearts. We had thought that one or other of them might consider the advantages of a Two No Trump bid—principally that in the event that No Trumps were the final contract it would be much better played from the South hand. Both pairs were unable to stop short of the rather unsound contract of Six Hearts and in each case the ♦ Q was led. As the cards lie, there is no genuine way to make the contract and the best chance is in the possibility of inducing an error by the defence. The Bournemouth declarer won the first round of Diamonds, drew a round of trumps, played the second Diamond, entered the dummy with a trump and led the ♣ J. Had East played small he would have gone up with the King and played a second Club, and whichever hand won would have been forced either to open the Spade suit for him or give him a ruff and discard to dispose of the third and losing Spade in his hand. But East had been able to recognise his plan and immediately played the ♣ A and exited with a further Club, defeating the contract. The second time the hand was played the London declarer won the opening Diamond lead, and at trick two led the ♣ J. At this very early stage it was more difficult for East to recognise

his intentions and the King won the trick. Trumps and diamonds were now eliminated and the second Club was led to put the defence in a hopeless position. Both players used the same plan, but the more expert had been the less obvious.

There was no more controversial hand in the early series than that on which two international pairs, in competition, bid a hand on which a slam was a virtually certain contract into a modest part score.

Dealer West. Love All	
WEST	EAST
♠ None	♠ A K Q 5 3
♥ A K Q	♥ 10 6 4
♦ J 10 7 6 4 2	♦ None
♣ J 9 7 3	♣ K Q 10 8 4

The Scottish champions bid the hand thus:

WEST	EAST
1 ♦	1 ♠
2 ♦	3 ♣
4 ♣	No Bid

and of East's final pass it can only be said that nerves had quite overcome logic. After his partner's opening bid and Club support it was reasonable to expect no Club loser, and it was a counsel of despair to decide that the worst must happen and there would be three Heart losers. East's decision to pass was a 'hunch', a calculated risk—the famous British international pair who did no better reached an even less ambitious contract while being completely faithful to their bidding methods.

WEST	EAST
No Bid	1 ♠
2 ♦	2 ♠
No Bid	

West preferred to pass with a border-line opener because the Diamond suit itself was so weak, and an opening bid might induce a fatal Diamond lead from his partner.

Bidding failures on this grand scale may make the expert temporarily foolish, but they see only thirteen cards and there are hands on which it is difficult to decide an effective auction even with a view of both hands. As an illustration, readers are invited to give what is, in their view, the best auction on the following hand, together with brief explanations.

Love All. Dealer, West	
WEST	EAST
♠ A 10 7 5 2	♠ Q J 6
♥ 7	♥ A 10
♦ A	♦ Q J 7 6 5 4
♣ A J 7 6 5 3	♣ K 8

On the first round North makes a bid of Three Hearts and North-South take no further part in the bidding. A first prize of a book token valued at 30s. and a second prize of one valued at 21s. are offered for what, in my opinion, is the best-reasoned sequence, even though the contract may not necessarily be the best. Letters, marked 'Bridge Competition', should reach The Editor, THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, by October 9.

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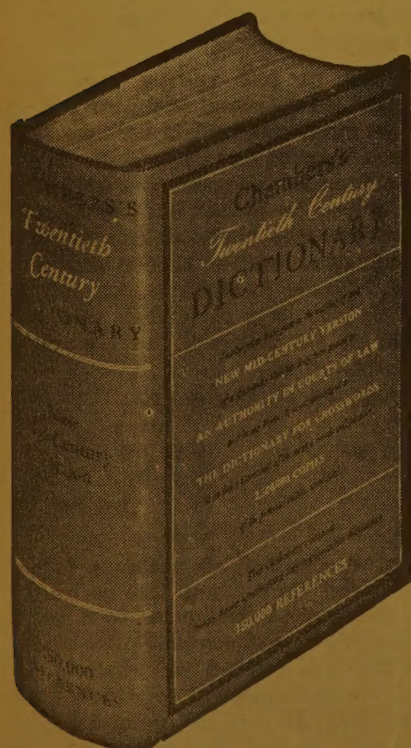
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L.I.

For the Housewife

Getting the Best out of Your Refrigerator

By HELEN KEY

EVERYTHING you put in your refrigerator should be covered to prevent flavours passing from one food to another. You can use polythene bags, aluminium foil, or covered basins. If you are storing salad greens, wash them first so that they are ready to eat; they will become limp if washed after they have been in the refrigerator. Just shake the leaves free of surplus moisture and put into a polythene bag, or into the container provided, at the bottom of the refrigerator. All green foods such as sprouts, spinach, and so on can be stored in this way, so can tomatoes and cucumber. The cucumber must be put into a polythene bag.

In what parts of the refrigerator should you place food? The coldest place is round the frozen-food locker, so the uncooked and most perishable foods should be placed immediately beside or under it, then further away the cooked foods, and so on, with bread and salad or green foods at the bottom. You will not have any mouldy bread if you keep it in your refrigerator.

People sometimes ask how to use the control switch. Refrigerators are operated by a thermostat, the normal or middle number of the control being the average position. It can be adjusted to suit the user, and should be less cold in winter and colder in summer—and coldest of all if you want ice cubes in a hurry, or for making ice cream. Remember to turn the control back to normal immediately the ice cream or ice cubes are ready, otherwise foods in the refrigerator may become too cold, or even freeze solid.

In some refrigerators defrosting is entirely automatic, but in the usual type defrosting should be done every ten to fourteen days. Turn the refrigerator to 'off' on the control switch. Remove food and shelves, place a bowl of warm

water in the frozen-food locker and leave the empty chill tray in position to catch drips. Wash the shelves and inside the refrigerator and door with warm water and bicarbonate of soda. Do not use soap, as the smell may linger in the refrigerator. Dry thoroughly, and wipe and dry the frozen-food locker. Switch on, and replace shelves and food, and close the door.

If you switch the electricity supply off when you are away, do not forget to empty the refrigerator and leave the door open. If you are away for not more than fourteen days you can leave the refrigerator running, and so have some food ready to come home to.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

DENIS BROGAN (page 491): Professor of Political Science at Cambridge since 1939; author of *The American Political System*, *The Development of Modern France*, *Roosevelt and the New Deal*, and *The French Nation*

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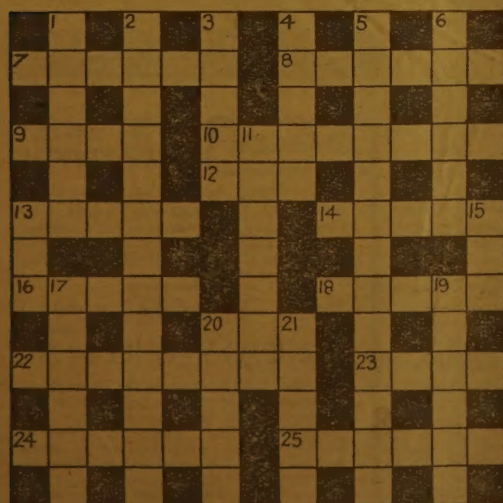
Crossword No. 1,479.

Trisquares.

By Ramal

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 9. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The n th triangular number (i.e. the sum of the first n integers) for certain values of n is a perfect square ($= m^2$). In this puzzle each of the first thirteen such values of n and the corresponding value of m (excluding zero) is used once only (with one exception—see below) together with a letter of the alphabet (in italics) which represents a whole number between 0 and 25 inclusive. No two letters represent the same number, but clues 13 Down and 15 Down both use the same value of m , and have the common letter, *E*.

Solvers may like to know that the r th value of m (and also of n) is a linear function of the $(r-1)$ th and $(r-2)$ th values.

CLUES—ACROSS

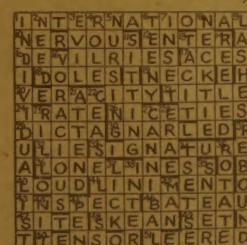
7. 25372.m — (Q/4)
8. $m - 3.A$
9. $m - 8.T$
10. $11 - (K/9) + [10(m - 268879)/41]$
12. $18.n + G$
13. $n + 9.W$
14. $m + I$
16. $10.n + (D/9)$
18. $10.m + 7$
20. $n - 3.S + 5$

22. $92012716.m + X$
23. $n - 3 + (M/11)$
24. $C + [(m - 5)/10]$
25. $n - 13 + (Z/5)$

DOWN

1. $(n + 31.N - 50)/100$
2. $1000.n + 121 - (F/11)$
3. $(n - 1280.H)/10000$
4. $1201.m - O - 5$
5. $1000.m + 133 - (L/5)$
6. $(n + 10.R - 8)/100$
11. $n + U$
13. $3.m - 11.E$
15. $m + 31.E$
17. $100000.n + 111.P$
19. $198931.n - (Y/12)$
20. $[(m - 9860)/10000] - B$
21. $[(m - 14)/100] - 5.V$

Solution of No. 1,477



1st prize: Thomas Laing (Kilmarnock); 2nd prize: R. C. Payu (Saltcoats); 3rd prize: Miss M. Cornwall (Edinburgh, 4)

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